

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 402.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1835.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.
(JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

REVIEWS.

How to Observe—Geology. By H. T. De la Beche, For. Sec. G.S., &c. With 138 woodcuts. London: Knight.

GEOLOGY, the youngest branch of the great tree of knowledge, has all the vigour and sap which belong to youth. It is not many years since men took their notions of the physical constitution of the earth from the philosopher so scurvily berhymed by Swift for his presumed discovery of the longitude, or from the no less visionary theory of Dr. Burnet; yet geology is already a science based on fact, and fast journeying from the regions of conjecture towards those of demonstrable certainty. Much of the present popularity which surrounds this pursuit—and it is perhaps the most popular study of the day—is, doubtless, attributable to the discoveries of Cuvier, which his genius for order soon reduced into a system. But must it not be admitted, that, previously to this, it received a considerable advance from the eager passions of the partisans enlisted severally on the sides of the Neptunian and the Plutonic theories? In the scientific order of investigation, experiment should precede theory, that fact may become the basis of doctrine; but, in the order of human nature, theory usually takes precedence, and philosophers never launch so boldly into hypothesis, as when unencumbered by experiments and observations. This, at first sight, may appear very perversely arranged, but does not the reader perceive in it the nicest adaptation to the circumstances of the case? For mankind are so sluggish or pre-occupied, that they would never enter upon long trains of investigation if they were not excited by the lure of gain, or by some other interest equally positive. The progress of the sciences would, therefore, have been the slowest possible, dependent upon the accidental exposure of their bearings upon tangible good, had not the consequence been foreseen by old Dame Nature, and liberally provided for by implanting in the human breast an instinctive propensity to theorize, antecedent to all positive knowledge. From the moment a professor has advanced an hypothesis, a strong interest is begotten in the breast of himself and his followers to maintain and underprop it by fact; and, better still, an interest more urgent and tyrannizing rises in the breast of all the rest of the world to pull it down and destroy it; and, accordingly, away they go, boring, and digging, and hammering, measuring, weighing, and calculating, pouring acids upon alkalis, and galvanizing, and hydro-oxygenizing, and leaving no region of the earth unexplored, and no department of science unappplied, till, at last, up comes poor, naked, shivering Truth from her well, the very last personage that any of the parties concerned cared for, or thought of unearthing! These speculations are addressed to those whom they may concern; and we commend them to their special attention:

it will be admitted, they are as novel as we flatter ourselves, they are striking and conclusive.

But, to descend from this lofty flight into the regions of pure space, and to come down to the earth, since it is of Geology that we have to treat, here is a work which we have great pleasure in heartily recommending to the reader: it may be studied with advantage by all persons to whom natural science in general has an attraction, and still more so by those to whom the art of thinking and of observing is matter of philosophical curiosity.

'How to Observe,' is a truly Baconian volume, a sort of *novum organum* of Geology. From the prefixed advertisement, it appears that the plan was to have included, in a single publication, Natural History, Agriculture, the Fine Arts, General Statistics, and Social Manners. It was, however, subsequently determined (and determined wisely, in our opinion) to separate these heterogeneous subjects, and to give to each the benefit of a distinct appearance.

The spirit in which this work was conceived, and the manner in which it is executed, are equally creditable to the author. It can never be too often enforced upon the attention of the public, that man has been endowed by Providence with eyes and hands, no less than with brains; and that he will never make a good use of the latter, unless he will condescend to employ the former. In no science has the superiority of the Baconian method over the more ancient art of *inventing* truth, been more strikingly conspicuous than in Geology. Hypothesis has done nothing for it (except in the way above stated), while observation, imperfect and inadequate as it still remains, has laid open a range of facts as important for their inferential deductions, as for the immense lapse of ages they penetrate and illumine. A century or two ago, had it entered into "the heart of man" to conceive that evidence could be adduced to determine the existence and condition of "this globe of ours" for immeasurable periods antecedent to the creation of the human species, he would have been deemed a fit subject either for the Inquisition, or for Bedlam. Yet evidence to that effect, the most precise and the most incontrovertible, has been developed by a very short course of observation, rendered effectual by the enlightened and philosophical method of its application. The great difficulty, indeed, in all cases, is less to observe, than to observe with accuracy, and with a clear previous conception of the ends and objects to which inquiry is to be directed. The existence of extraneous fossils had been known for a long time before the deductions to which that knowledge leads were thought of, and their nature and origin demonstrated by ulterior inquiry. Voltaire had gone to the absurd length of attributing their appearance to *lusus nature*, rather than take the trouble of investigating the fact; but Cuvier, by bringing to the subject the test of his anatomical

knowledge, not only established the reality of their organic origin, beyond the possibility of cavil, but was enabled to deduce such consequences from the osteological data, as have given a close insight into the structure of the soft and perishable organs of the species to which they belonged, their habits and instincts, and the general character of the external world they lived in. There were hundreds of geologists who had collected and described the organic remains found in different strata—there were hundreds of anatomists who were satisfied of the organic nature of the specimens,—but Cuvier alone had the grasp of mind and the intelligence, which, by enabling him to see in a single bone all that really was to be observed in it, allowed him to put together the separate pieces, to re-construct from them the entire skeleton, and from that skeleton to deduce the natural history of the perfect animal. The value of the facts, thus attained, to the general science of Geology is all-pervading; it has afforded a test of the relative antiquity of the strata in which such remains are discovered, that comes in aid of, and confirms the doctrines obtained from, all the other sources of geological truth.

The invaluable knowledge of 'How to Observe,' is the result of a proper application of the knowledge of what has already been observed, and consequently of what it is required to investigate. The phenomena of nature are open to all alike, but the learned and skilled alone can see with accuracy, and co-ordinate with method, the facts which are presented to their gaze: a treatise on geological observation, is, therefore, necessarily a treatise on the science itself; and we know of no method of treating the subject more engaging and more illustrative than that which such a treatise affords. It is no small merit that it emancipates the student from the tyranny of books, and accustoms him from the outset to examine for himself the great book of nature. It is, indeed, from the starting-post, training the child in the way he should go, and rendering him not a mere artist, but a philosopher, in the widest and best sense of the word.

Mr. De la Beche's volume is, consequently, to be considered as a review of the existing state of the science in all its principal features; and the facts he presents being offered in their bearings upon particular points of scientific doctrine, are, consequently, much simplified, and they are, at the same time, invested with a referential interest, well calculated to impress them on the memory.

Travels in Sicily and the Levant—[*Wanderungen durch Sicilien und die Levante.*] Berlin: Nicolai; London, Black & Co.

THE locomotive mania, once deemed an essentially English malady, appears to be rapidly spreading over the continent; most rapidly and generally, however, as was to be expected, amongst the nations nearest

allied to ourselves. Germans, especially, are now wandering over the globe in all directions; and, conformably to the Negro remark upon some English explorer of Africa, "Take walk, make book," they diligently publish. We are glad of it, for we like German travels, which have usually afforded us both information and amusement; nor is the volume before us an exception. It contains the commencement of the *Wanderings* of an anonymous German, who, as he intimates in his title-page, and more explicitly informs us in an elegiac dedication addressed to the lady of his love, travelled through at least Sicily, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, and the ruins of Balbec, outwards, and through Rhodes and Cyprus, upon his return. The present volume is occupied with an account of his visit to Sicily and Malta, and though rather full of antiquities and antiques, affords much that will, we think, prove as interesting to our readers as to ourselves. We find, for instance, several passages illustrating the southern animation of the Sicilians, when aroused from their equally southern inertness. Amongst others, the following description of a religious procession at Palermo, when our wanderer first set foot on the Sicilian shore.

Upon leaving the cathedral, I found an immense multitude assembled in the Piazza before it for a religious festival, as different from a German solemnity of the same kind, as is the one country from the other. That which in Germany is characterized by devout silence, a soul-elevating music, with melodious singing, and, at the utmost, a single procession with plain wax-torches, is here marked by the most unbridled uproar, a wild running about, through, and against each other, and the stunning crash of a full orchestra in the open air. At Rome, it is deemed satisfactory if the cannon of St. Angelo announce Easter morning; but here, in Palermo, every petty saint is saluted with a miniature cannonade. On the Piazza stood several hundred mortars, scarcely three inches long, made, it should seem, of broken-up gun-barrels, and rammed quite full of powder; whenever a flourish of drums and trumpets resounded from the thronged church, a ragged *Lazzarone* ran, with a lighted match affixed to a long stick, along a line of mortars; the rapid succession of reports produced the effect of platoon firing; and no sooner was a line thus successively exploded, than innumerable hands were busily refilling the little battery. The populace took as lively an interest in the performance, as though it had been presented on the stage, and the church-gunner demeaned himself much like a tragic actor. If any accident interrupted the running fire, the crowd hissed and stormed; whilst the regularly rolling rattle of a whole line, was answered with *Bravo, bravo! Bene, bene!* from all sides. But this was not the end of the solemnity. In the midst of the uproar, a silver image of the *Madonna*, borne upon the shoulders of devout *Palermians*, moved slowly out of the church-door. She went not to another church, (as at Naples St. Januarius visits St. Constantia,) but straight to the palace of the Archbishop of Palermo, where she made him three curtsies, and forthwith returned home. The effigy, of solid silver, is so heavy, that twelve strong men could never walk more than a few steps under it, when, amidst the multitude's uninterrupted shouts of joy, twelve others relieved them. The acclamations, and the cries of "The Madonna for ever!" were really stunning during her three curtsies, which are probably managed by some peculiar art of the bearers. The crowd

now dispersed on all sides; and on my way home, I heard the conduct of the whole solemnity, and all its separate details, discussed with the earnestness and eagerness with which, in other places, the representation of an opera would be criticised.

The following more worldly scenes are not less characteristic of the Sicilians.

South of Palermo, in a beautiful mountain plain, lies the little town of Monreale, a Bishop's see. * * The road thither, is, with the exception of that to Alcamo, the only *chaussée* (highway) in the island. This is the work, not of the government, but of a Bishop of Monreale, Monsignore Testa, who has not neglected to make this fact known to posterity, in a magnificent marble inscription [query, tablet?] over a lovely fountain by the road-side. * * It was market-day at Monreale; vast numbers of country people, from the adjacent mountainous districts, had congregated in the Piazza, in front of the cathedral; but there was little peculiarity to be observed in their dress; almost all the men wore large jackets and round hats; the women were covered up by wrapping cloaks. The sellers extolled their wares with the full power of their lungs; and in some places the screaming, the crowding, and the smell of garlic, combined, were actually intolerable. The loudest uproar arose from the place where the butchers offered their cleanly cut-up joints for sale: as we made our way to the spot, a tall, large, powerful man appeared in front of his stall, like Milo of Crotona, lifting half an ox on high, and bellowing as frightfully as though he had himself been about to be slaughtered. His voice surpassed in strength all I have ever heard; not even in the fish-market of Palermo could it have been matched; in fact, it was difficult to remain near this man without being deafened. When we were already far distant from him, he was still heard overpowering the whole market; nay, even upon our way home, when only a confused din reached us, we still fancied that we could clearly distinguish our butcher's voice. * * *

West of Palermo, towards the foot of Monte Pellegrino, the sea shore is flat and sandy; there we often go out to sea in a boat to bathe. By this means we have established a friendly intercourse with the fishermen, which has shown us the good-humoured, one might say, childlike, character of the people, in the most amiable light. We found in the boatman whom we engaged the first day, an alert, serviceable lad, prompt to undertake every little useful office, and so skilful in the management of his bark, that the second evening we expressly sought him, to take us out; and from this moment he was considered as avowedly in our service. The other boatmen no longer strove, when we came again on the following days, to allure us, by screams of invitation, into their vessels, but willingly left their comrade in possession of his good luck: nay, more, one evening that Antonio did not immediately answer, one of them ran to fetch him, when he shot like an arrow into his light skiff. His Sicilian low (*platt*) Italian is, indeed, sometimes hard to be understood; but we learn something by the very difficulty, and shall get on well enough in time. * * *

Since the entrance of the Austrians, [the journey was made during the Austrian amicable occupation of the Two Sicilies,] the carrying of pointed weapons has been prohibited, wherefore the point of Antonio's handsome new pocket-knife has been most awkwardly broken off. When questioned on the subject, he answered, with apparent calmness, but with a look bespeaking all the smothered rage of his soul, "*Nimmennu la punta del cuttidu!*" (Not even the knife's point! we were to understand, is allowed us.) Such a fisherman's life is the

simplest and most uniform career that can be conceived. Before daybreak Antonio is out at sea casting his nets. They are seldom drawn up empty, and he then hurries to the fish-market, in order to forestall his comrades, and dispose of his goods to the *Dispensiere* (house-steward or clerk of the kitchen) of some Duke or Count. A little before noon he lies down in his boat to sleep away the hot hours, and awakes towards evening, to earn a handsome "*buona mano*," (something to drink,) from the unloading merchant ships, or the pleasuring foreigners. Antonio closed his joyous account of his life with the words—"Nui non fatichiamo mai, ci divertiamo sempre!" (We never fail, we amuse ourselves always!) This cheerfulness made the deeper impression upon me, from my recollection of the querulous complaints we are sure to hear, if in our own country we inquire sympathizingly into the life of a day-labourer, handicraftsman, or the like.

During his short stay at Palermo, our traveller received the following account of a recent insurrection from a journalist—*Anglicie*, newspaper-writer, who seems to have been an active insurgent, and to have got off easily. It gives a curious idea of the condition of Sicily, past and almost present:—

I sat down upon one of the benches of the *Passeggiata* (the fashionable walk and drive of Palermo), where the line of carriages passed before me. Beside me sat an agreeable-looking young man, with whom I soon entered into conversation. He had taken a part in the last revolution, and edited a patriotic newspaper, which, since the appearance of the Austrians, had naturally enough been forbidden for an indefinite period, meaning for ever. Of his many narratives concerning the late disturbed times, the most interesting and remarkable was the subjugation of the Palermo *Conciattori* (Tanners), upon which occasion, though belonging to the Opposition, [the Opposition in Sicily! this is indeed the March of Intellect!] he did full justice to the conduct of the Austrians.

The Tanner's Guild, which had always enjoyed great privileges at Palermo, had, during the regency for Ferdinand VII. [this must be a mistake of numbers at least; there has been no minority or regency in the Sicilies since Ferdinand IV. came of age, some sixty years since. The present king is Ferdinand V., or, in revolutionary language, Ferdinand II.] made themselves quite independent, and formed a state within the state. Their quarter (*La Conciattoria*), consisting of the narrowest and dirtiest streets in the town, was completely fortified, and had frequently repulsed the attacks of the Palermo *gens-d'armes*, or police, and even—as the narrator averred—of the bravest Neapolitan troops. Over their Guildhall floated a mighty banner, around which, upon the first alarm, the robust tanners assembled. In lieu of taxes, they paid the government a fixed sum, which had for some years been withheld.

During the revolution, the tanners distinguished themselves upon every opportunity of murder and plunder. The insurrection broke out at Naples on the 1st of June, 1820, and, on the 15th of July, St. Rosalia's day, the Spanish constitution was proclaimed at Palermo. General Church, an Englishman, who took the tricolor cockade from several *Palermians*, was nearly torn to pieces by the populace, and rescued by General Coglitore, who covered him with his own person. Church escaped to Naples; the people burnt his house, and all his property. General Naselli, Commandant of Palermo, whom the Sicilians mortally hated, thought next day to expel the mutineers; but the tanners broke open the prison doors, released all the prisoners, and, thus reinforced, the people, headed by a Monreale monk, one Gioa-

chimo Vaglica, seized several cannon; Naselli saw that resistance was impossible, and fled to Naples. The populace was now master, and perpetrated the most horrible acts of cruelty. Soldiers and policemen were shut up in the prisons, instead of the released malefactors; government edifices were plundered and burnt, and about 160,000 ducats, found in the Treasury, were divided amongst the people. A smith, belonging to the artillery, was detected in spiking the cannon; his head and hands were instantly cut off, and nailed up at the four angles of the town; and, thenceforward, whoever wished to get easily rid of a private enemy, slipped a nail into his pocket, and denounced him as a spiker of cannon, when the furious multitude at once fell upon and despatched him. The tanners now elected a Consul, Don Carlo Leone, who, for many weeks, governed the town with despotic authority. The Principe di Jaci was seized by the people, sentenced by the Consul, and immediately shot. In vain did the aged Cardinal Gravina and the Principe di Villa Franca endeavour to conciliate this sovereign multitude; the house of the latter was plundered and burnt. * * * In the streets of Palermo civil war raged, and, in one engagement, between the tanners and the *Guardia civica* (civic militia), three or four hundred men fell. At length, General Pepe landed with 4000 men at Milazzo, and advanced against Palermo. The Principe di Paternò, though confined to his easy chair by the gout, had managed to gain the confidence of the people, and he negotiated with Pepe, who took possession of the town upon terms, on the 5th of October. But the Neapolitan parliament annulled the treaty, and required unconditional submission. The magnanimity of Pepe upon this occasion is acknowledged by the Sicilians; he resigned his command, and returned to Naples. To him succeeded General Coletta, who acted with great severity, and filled the prisons with fresh victims. But the tanners he could not touch. They had made themselves so strong in their quarter, which was now the asylum of all malefactors, that the Neapolitans durst not attack them.

This state of things continued until May, 1821. The Austrians then occupied the city without drawing a sword; but still the tanners bade them defiance, and the remainder of the inhabitants watched, in breathless suspense, to see whether the deliberate Germans would give way to this handful of rebels, or regularly besiege the Conciattoria. They did neither. Several companies of Tyrolean and Bohemian chasseurs were assembled at two o'clock in the morning, who beset the Conciattoria on all sides. Other troops, guided by the police, made their way through the narrow doors and streets to the Guildhall, which they took without trouble. Here and there shots were fired from the houses; but, as the tanners had now no appointed rendezvous, and had never foreseen such energetic measures in the middle of the night, within a couple of hours every house was in the hands of the Austrians. Quantities of arms and ammunition were found, and, in the cellars of the Guildhall, even two cannon, but without carriages. The worthy members of the Tanners' Company were now assembled in their Guildhall, and informed, that they must evacuate the Conciattoria, and settle outside the town, but nowhere more than three together. After the hasty execution of this order, the purification of this never-explored quarter of the town could be undertaken. Many ruinous houses were pulled down, the streets were widened as much as possible, and some places were selected as the posts of strong military guards. The greater number of the houses are still empty; some are inhabited by poliwomen and their families.

Since this able and successful operation, which gained the Austrians incredible respect, the town has been tranquil, but the poor tanners have become the butts of universal ridicule; and if any man is seen walking the streets with drooping head and downcast eyes, you may be sure he is a tanner.

From Palermo our wanderer, accompanied by two friends, proceeded westwards, upon a tour through, or round, Sicily; and, in opposition to the prevalent notions of imminent danger from robbers and assassins, he makes the following remarks, and illustrative statement:—

We had heard so much at Naples of the insecurity of the roads, that we thought it necessary to buckle on a cutlass a-piece (*couteau de chasse*); we were already provided with pistols. When our servant Joseph, a Provençal, heard that we were arming, he asked leave to follow our example, and appeared with a mighty sabre, and a broad leather belt, holding a brace of pistols and store of cartridges, that must have been purloined from some Abruzzo robber. Fancy to yourself four heavily-armed horsemen, one of them further loaded with drawing-board and seat, clad in jackets of light stuff, with straw hats of various forms, and you will have a distinct image of our ludicrously warlike appearance. * * * But, happily, these bands of robbers have long been exterminated, and even the single stragglers who survived, have now disappeared. The tales of the cowardly Neapolitans vanish into nothing when you reach their scene. The eternally-repeated story of the recent murder of Professor Schweigger of Königsburg, is indeed melancholy enough, but I have here learned that his own imprudence was the chief cause of his misfortune. As a botanist, he naturally travelled on foot; at Palermo, he engaged an insufficiently recommended guide, and, regardless of the indolent southern temperament, dragged him daily about amongst the mountains. Schweigger was, moreover, very short, very ugly, of a scolding, grumbling disposition, and so careless, that he was not even armed with a stick. The night before they were to reach Girgenti (the ancient Agrigentum), he gave his guide a louis-d'or to be changed in a little hamlet, where, probably, there was not so much ready money to be found; put himself in a passion at receiving too little change, and threatened the guide with legal punishment at Girgenti. After this quarrel, he set forth with the exasperated Sicilian, dragged him through the most scorching heat till noon, wrangling with him, it is said, the whole time. At length, upon reaching a shady fountain, that bursts from the live rock many steps below the level ground, he heedlessly descended these steps to refresh himself. There the heated and irritated guide knocked him on the head from above with a billet of wood, impelled, perhaps, by fear of the threatened prosecution, perhaps by a longing for the gold pieces exhibited when the louis-d'or was given, perhaps by rage and revenge for his previous ill-treatment. His golden booty presently betrayed him; he was arrested, confessed everything, and was executed at Girgenti about a year ago. It were surely absurd to draw any conclusion as to the robber propensities of the Sicilians from this transaction: we might even say, that, according to Italian principles of revenge, the guide was in some measure justified, when he slew a menacing and frightful dwarf in expiation of the injuries received from him.

One of the first points of interest that our wanderer and his party visited in their progress, was the establishment of our countryman, Mr. Woodhouse, at Marsala, whence he supplies his native land with the wholesome Sicilian beverage now drunk by most

persons of small fortune. We were about to translate the German's account of the Briton's establishment, and his gratitude for the hospitality with which he was there received; but, upon casting a glance over the pages scattered around, we perceive that we are already exceeding our usual limits.

Rolls of the King's Court—[*Rotuli Curie Regis*],—from the Sixth Year of King Richard, to the First Year of King John. Edited by Sir F. Palgrave.

[Second Notice.]

WHATEVER differences of opinion may exist among our historians, in regard to the degree of freedom possessed by the middle classes, they agree in representing the lower orders as in a state of bondage, and as considered, not merely by a haughty aristocracy, but by the law itself, as absolutely of less value than "the good red deer." Now, such opinions could scarcely, we think, have been maintained, had a work like the one before us offered itself to their attention, since, in it, we find proofs of the highest legal tribunal making no difference whatever between the lord of a wide domain and the Saxon hind, the owner of "a free tenement, and an acre and an half of land." The notion, too, of the perfect contempt with which human life was regarded in these "rude times," is equally disproved by the instances of strict inquiry, and careful record, made in every case of persons found dead. These instances, which Sir F. Palgrave considers decisive in establishing the principle of a legal provision for the poor, also tend to prove that, in the eye of the law, all persons were equal, if not free. This assertion may startle those who recollect the positive statements of the Anglo-Norman law writers respecting these classes, especially Glanville, who asserts, that "a villein could not buy his freedom, because the very price that he tendered would already belong to his lord." Let us, therefore, attempt to throw some light on this interesting subject, and first, we will look to the state of the lower classes at the time of the Conquest.

Under the Saxon rule, the people not comprehended among the higher and lower nobility, were divided into two classes—the *Ceorls*, rendered in Domesday Book by the term *villani*, and whom most of our law writers have considered as a species of slaves,—and the *Theows*, termed in the same document *servi*, respecting whom we have direct testimony that they were bondsmen. This lowest class, however, at the period of the Conquest, was rapidly decreasing, and we have proof that they did not even then form the mass of the labouring population, in the fact, that in the Domesday record they appear but in the proportion of one "*servus*" to four "*villani*."† Sir F. Palgrave, in his excellent work on the English Commonwealth, remarks, that the *servi*, the genuine bondsmen, had ceased to exist as a distinct class, prior to the commencement of our legal records. Indeed, the policy of the conqueror in offering freedom to every one residing a year and a day within any of his walled towns, must have greatly diminished their numbers. Who would remain in bondage when freedom was so freely offered? And while the baron was

† To ascertain this proportion, we made use of the tables of the various classes in each county, given in Sir Henry Ellis's valuable "Introduction to Domesday."

meditating war, or preparing for the feast, or the chace, little would he know, or heed, how many serfs resided on his estate; whether Godsune, the son of Snelling, was cutting wood in the copse, or Elfric, the red-haired, tending his swine in the forest, or whether they had transferred themselves to the neighbouring town, there to enjoy the privileges of "the king's own freemen."

How was it, then, that while the *servi* so rapidly obtained their freedom, a far more numerous class, which many writers have almost identified with them, the *villani* were contented to remain in slavery, since villeins were recognized in the land down to the 15th century? Now, we think it can be proved that villenage, notwithstanding the very harsh terms employed by many of our early legal writers, was not a state of bondage. "Although," to quote Sir F. Palgrave's excellent remarks on this subject, "according to legal language, the villen might be given, bequeathed, or sold, these expressions, which sound so harsh, and seem so inconsistent with any degree of personal liberty, bore a meaning essentially different from that which we should now assign them. In no instance can we find the Ceorl (or villen) separate from his land. He was always a *villain appartenant*; and, notwithstanding the language employed, the gift, bequest, or sale, was the disposition of the land, and his services;" which services, we may also remark, were in lieu of rent.

Now, the testimony, both indirect and direct, of these volumes, fully confirms these opinions. In the case of the hundred being amerced for every person found dead through want or cold, it must, we think, have proceeded on the principle of each man in a community being answerable for another, a principle that at once strikes at the root of slavery. The system of frank-pledge, too, of which, in the pleas at Hertford, Stratford, and Clerkenwell, we find instances multiplied on every page, evidently proves either that the great mass of the agricultural population was not in a state of villenage, or that villenage was compatible with all the rights of freemen. In the few instances in which villeins are actually named in these volumes, there seems nothing to lead to the conclusion that they were considered as a different class from others.

"Richard de Benhall appears before the Justiciars at Hertford, and claims half a virgate of land in Walden, which Ernald le Tur holds; Ernald acknowledges that he holds the land in villenage of John de Neville, and like as a villen (*sicut villanus*). The judgment is, that 'Richard, if he will, must demand the land from John de Neville.'"

From the same assize rolls we find a jury summoned to determine,

"Whether William, the son of Ailwin, unjustly and unlawfully disseised Ralph Cloer of his free tenement in Gedliston. William appeared, and said, that he held that tenement of Richard Tanet, for a term (of years), and summoned him to warrant it, who came, and warranted it, and said, that the assize could not determine (that question) between them, because the said Ralph is a villen, and that the Abbot of St. Alban's claimed him by course of law in the county court as his villen, and the — of the county was summoned, who came and attested it. Judgement, that Ralph cannot hold it, because he is a villen, and that he be amerced for making the claim."

Now, in this instance, we find the opinion of Geoffrey Fitz Peter, King Richard's chief Justiciar, altogether at issue with that of Glanville, King Henry's chief Justiciar, since Fitz Peter and his associates decree that the villen of the Abbot of St. Alban's shall pay a fine to the King for preferring a false claim; thus, recognizing fully the villen's right to property, by sentencing him to pecuniary mulct. In the former instance, too, Ernald le Tur appears simply as a copyholder, possessing a full right in his farm, and recognized among his neighbours as an equal, for Richard de Benhall is unconscious that Ernald holds his twelve acres of land in villenage until he himself acknowledges the fact. There is a third instance in Lincolnshire, where a Thomas Fitz Thomas is charged with having unjustly deprived Eililda, a widow, and her son Richard, of what she terms "her free tenement." Thomas vindicates the disposition, by stating, that her two sons, who claimed the tenement, had been claimed by him in the king's court as villeins; and, therefore, had no right to the land. The mother and son deny this, and "place themselves upon oath," and demand inquiry, which is granted. We cannot ascertain the result in this case, as no subsequent entry respecting them appears; but we may remark, that if villeins had been considered as bond-servants, it is not probable that they would have contested the possession of house or land with their lord; neither in this instance, nor the preceding one, could such a case have been brought before a legal tribunal by an American slave, or a Russian bondsman.

From another entry we gain some information relative to the service required from the tenant; at first sight we thought that the under-mentioned persons were villeins, so very similar is their tenure to that mentioned in Cullum's 'Hawsted';† on reference to an earlier entry, we, however, found it termed a "free tenure."

"Oxon. The jury inquire whether Agnes de Cupicote ought to hold three virgates of land in Cupicote, by the service of 10s. per an., by whole [?] service to Alan, son of Roland; and whether Andrew de Cupicote ought to hold two virgates of land with — pertaining, by the service of 6s. per an. to the same. And whether they themselves owe this prescribed service, besides twice in the year to sow, and plow, for provision for themselves."

This is followed by some half obliterated words, respecting a payment of a hog at Christmas, and a penny, "and tallage, and the carriage of his (the lord's) hay." "The jury declare that they consider that Agnes and Andrew owe 16s. per an., and also to sow and to cart for their own provision, and to sow twice for provision for their lord; and they say that they know of no other service due."

The reader has doubtless met with writers

† As this work is not common, we subjoin the extract, since it corroborates our statement respecting villeins; indeed, those here mentioned, were considered as of the lowest order, since they are termed "Nativi." "Thomas Frame," one of them, "holds a messuage and thirty acres of arable land and pasture, at a yearly rent of 20s., to be paid equally Easter and Michaelmas, and at Christmas to bring 4d. offering silver, a cock, and two hens. And he shall mow the lord's meadows four whole days; and all the customary tenants when they mow, shall have one bushel of wheat, and 6d. for drink, and one whole day's produce of the dairy for cheese; and he shall reap fifteen days in harvest, and have a wheat loaf, fifteen of which shall be made of a bushel of wheat, and two herrings at nine o'clock (dinner time), and he shall also pay merchettum and heriotum." This document is dated 32 Edward 3.

who represent the state of villenage as rendered doubly severe, by the character of the services which were demanded, and by their being in many instances personal. Now, in this respect, the writers have been misled, by applying to the middle ages a standard which ought only to be applied to the present day. Let it be borne in mind, that if the villen ploughed and sowed, he did it in lieu of rent, or in part of it; and that even if he, the possessor perchance of two or three score acres, were required to perform those services himself, (of which, however, there is no proof,) personal service was considered no degradation, in an age when some of the noblest estates, and some of the highest offices of the land, were held by "grand serjeantry," no other than *personal* services.

From these instances, few as they are, we think we have warrant to assert, that the lower orders, although occasionally, perhaps, harassed by the demands of their lords, were yet in a state very far from that of either bondage or pauperism. That a villen, at this early period, too, should in any instance have been able to prosecute an appeal against his lord, proves that he was in a condition to obtain money, as well as subsistence; for who among our labouring population in the present day could do so?

That the general condition of the lower orders was comfortable, we have many proofs in these volumes; in the hundred of Waltham:—

"Roger Boss, and William and Roger, the sons of his wife, have fled from the town of Haling—, and were in franc-pledge to Godric de Mault, in Haling—; their chattels were three oxen, three cows, two calves, twelve sheep, two horses, two fowls, and nine geese, and one acre and a half of corn."

"William Norreys appeals William de Buttingham and Robert, his son, that contrary to the peace of the king, they robbed his 'hamsake,' and took from him 6s. 6d. (4l. 17s. 6d.) in chattels, and twenty-four two year old sheep, and broke the doors of his house, and the bars and other chattels, to the value of 10s.—(7l. 10s.)."

In another case, though he probably belonged to a somewhat higher class, we find an Essex yeoman appealing another, for forcible entry into his chamber, and stealing from thence a scarlet cloak, a green mantle, and eight linen sheets. The constant recurrence of fines imposed on vintners, proves that there was scarcely a small town in Essex or Hertford, but, in addition to its alehouse, had a place for the sale of wine. And that these vintners could afford to pay, seems proved by the fine being usually half a mark, (5l.) The Westminster vintner, however, pays 10s., (7l. 10s.), and one at Uxbridge 20s. (15l.) Therefore, besides ale, mead, and cider, the inhabitants of the upland towns had wine, brought as it were to their very doors,—an additional proof of wealth. On a subject which, although of inferior importance, is yet interesting,—names and surnames,—we find more information contained in these volumes, than probably in any other work whatever. The preponderance of pure Saxon names, especially among the rural population, as well as the occasional use of pure Saxon terms, and in one or two instances of even the Saxon *letter*, combine to prove the strong hold which the mother tongue had retained among the people. In the names of persons residing near the coast in Norfolk and Lincolnshire, we find traces

of their Danish parentage. Edmund, Elfie, Godric, give place to Hamon, Ketel, Steingrim, Tocius, and Turstan; and Edith and Godiva, to Estuill, Asceline, and Helewis. It is worth observing, that all the common names of men in use at the present day are here to be found; but in few instances, with the exception of Emma and Isabel, those of women; and it strikes us as singular, that even the name of Mary occurs but in few instances. Some ladies, apparently of the higher classes, rejoice in Greek names, Basilis, Hylaria, Olympias, and one is called Grecia. Two bear a name so purely oriental, that they seem to have been christened after the eastern lady-love of some returned crusader, for the name is Ysmeina. High-sounding names are not so common among men; there is, however, one, a "Magister Aristotil," at Huntingdon, who, we lament to say, appears in a very unphilosophical character, for he is fined 40s. "for dispossessioning Jordan l'Eveise of his tenement." In regard to surnames, the commonly received opinion, that they were not in general use until the close of the thirteenth century, falls to the ground, for the majority even of the lower classes are represented as bearing regular surnames in this volume, which dates a full century earlier. It may also be remarked, that surnames, derived from the father's name, or from places and towns, belong rather to the higher classes. Fitz Richard, Fitz Ailwin—De Brocklehurst, De Reyndon, meet us among landholders; while the husbandman, who forfeits his frankpledge, bears such names as Marcher, Sarp, Sprot, Leifchild. There is also a peculiarity which, Sir F. Palgrave remarks, proves "that gentilitical names were guided by descent of land;" it is, that in some instances the son takes the *mother's* christian name, instead of the father's; thus we have John Fitz Rimi-mild, Henry Fitz Isabel, and, in the instance of an heiress, "Agnes fil Evae."

We could extend our notice on these curious documents to much greater length, but our space warns us to conclude. We shall be gratified if, by our desultory remarks, we succeed in calling the attention of some competent writer to the importance of an extended inquiry into the state of the *people*, in the various periods of our history. There is one every way fitted for the task, the intelligent editor of this work—would that he could be induced to undertake it.

We had nearly concluded, when another valuable work, published by the same authority, '*Rotuli Litterarum Patentium*,' of the reign of John, was put into our hands. We shall take an early opportunity of directing the attention of our readers to its interesting contents, and for the present conclude, acknowledging our obligations to the Record Commissioners, whose persevering labours have placed documents, which in earlier times it would have cost the labour of half a life to collate and decipher, on the shelves of our public libraries, and accumulated so rich a store of historical information for the use of every inquirer.

The Pacha of Many Tales, by the Author of '*Peter Simple*.'—This work, or, at least, a large part of it, appeared heretofore in the *Metropolitan*, and received from time to time our word of commendation, so that it only remains for us now to announce the separate publication.

The Monikins. By the Author of '*The Spy*,' '*The Pilot*,' &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

Horse-Shoe Robinson. By the Author of '*Swallow Barn*.' 3 vols. London: Bentley.

Outre-Mer; or, a Pilgrimage to the Old World. By an American. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THE fantastic notion which some theorists have hazarded, that the shallowest of fools and the wisest of men are alike provided with a double, who may be found wandering to and fro somewhere or other on the wide earth, might, we think, be justly applied to the world of books. At one time religious biographies prevailed; anon, our paper had an absolute odour of tar and salt-water—all our writers choosing to put to sea; then, again, we were reduced to the not very honourable condition of a green-room gossip by the influx of a host of stage *ana*, memoirs and journals. A few months ago, every week seemed to bring one or other of the poets of America before us—now come the novelists, "a goodly array."

We were prepared to welcome these latter with all our hearts, if they brought anything of life, or strength, or freshness, into the exhausted domain of Fiction, and we had, perhaps, a right to expect such good service from the author of '*The Last of the Mohicans*,' '*The Prairie*,' and '*The Borderers*.' Few of his readers enjoyed Mr. Cooper's earlier novels more than ourselves; none will more heartily wish him back to his own domain, the illimitable forest—the fierce and free ocean, than we do. Sir Walter Scott, in one of his delightful and instructive prefaces, says, that the perfection of the title of a novel (for instance, his own '*Ivanhoe*'), is to tell nothing, and yet to excite curiosity. Mr. Cooper has followed his precept and practice. That wicked vowel *o* completely mystified us; and we venture to predict, that not one young lady in fifty, of those most skilled in speculating upon the probable contents of the "dear new novel," will ever have been troubled by a suspicion that this tale relates to nothing more or less than a parcel of manikins, or monkeys!—that instead of a romance (did not New Burlington Street promise us a romance in its earlier announcements?) full of hair-breadth 'scapes "and situations of overpowering interest," she must needs content herself with a moral, political, metaphysical, satire—a sort of Gulliver Redivivus—but, alas, for her patience!—set forth in three mortally long volumes!

We are, then, disappointed in '*The Monikins*,' like everything that Mr. Cooper writes, it contains much that is clever and worthy of consideration; but, like other of his later works, it is devoted to questions which, to our fancy, are as much out of place in the mind of a romancer, as jarring and broken strings in a harp. And, though parts of his satirical description of the manners and institutions of Leap-high and Leap-low (the two monikin countries to which the hero—a man of straw—undertakes a pilgrimage), are pertinent and biting, much of the humour is, to our thinking, clumsy and far-fetched—and, therefore, only bad humour. Further, the very peculiarity of Mr. Cooper's manner—that protracted minuteness of description which imparts such peculiar life and interest to his scenes of suspense and adventure—

stands sadly in the way of his success on this occasion. Allegory, when spun out, becomes insufferable: a satire does not make its impression by a slow series of dull blows, but strike home by one glance of its keen-pointed arrow:—Swift would have never thought of writing his '*Tale of a Tub*' in three volumes of three hundred pages each. Without offering a judgment upon the justice or fallacy of the author's opinions, we must consider his work as a failure, both in choice of subject (as adapted to the humour of the present day), and also in execution. Some of our readers, however, may not agree with us, and for their satisfaction we will add a part of the spun-out corollary of results arrived at in the course of the author's pilgrimage, which will give them a better idea of the style and tendency of the book than any words of ours.

"To conclude, my own adventures and observations lead to the following inferences, viz.—

"That every man loves liberty for his own sake, and very few for the sake of other people.

"That moral salutation is very necessary to political success at Leaplow, and quite probably in many other places.

"That civilization is very arbitrary; meaning one thing in France, another thing in Leaphigh, and still a third in Dorsetshire.

"That there is no sensible difference between motives in the polar region and motives anywhere else.

"The truth is a comparative and local property, being much influenced by circumstances; particularly by climate and by different public opinions.

"That there is no portion of human wisdom so select and faultless that it does not contain the seeds of its own refutation.

"That of all the 'ocracies, (aristocracy and democracy included,) hypocrisy is the most flourishing.

"That he who is in the clutches of the law may think himself lucky if he escape with the loss of his tail.

"That liberty is a convertible term, which means exclusive privileges in one country, no privileges in another, and *inclusive* privileges in all.

"That religion is a paradox, in which self-denial and humility are proposed as tenets, in direct contradiction to every man's senses.

"That *phenology* and *cauldology* are sister sciences, one being quite as demonstrable as the other, and more too.

"That philosophy, sound principles, and virtue, are really delightful; but, after all, that they are no more than so many slaves of the belly; a man usually preferring to eat his best friend to starving.

"That a little wheel and a great wheel are as necessary to the motion of a commonwealth as to the motion of a stage-coach; and that what this gains in periphery, that makes up in activity, on the rotatory principle.

"That it is one thing to have a king, another to have a throne, and another to have neither.

"That the reasoning which is drawn from particular abuses, is no reasoning for general use.

"That, in England, if we did not use blinkers, our cattle would break our necks; whereas, in Germany we travel at a good pace, allowing the horse the use of his eyes; and in Naples we fly, without even a bit!

"That the converse of what has just been said of horses is true of men, in the three countries named.

"That occultations of truth are just as certain as the aurora borealis, and quite as easily accounted for.

"That men who will not shrink from the danger and toil of penetrating the polar basin, will shrink from the trouble of doing their own

thinking, and put themselves, like Captain Poke, under the convoy of a God-like.

"That all our wisdom is insufficient to protect us from frauds; one outwitting us by gyrations and flapjacks, and another by adding new joints to the cauda.

"That men are not very scrupulous touching the humility due to God, but are so tenacious of their own privileges in this particular, they will confide in plausible rogues rather than in plain-dealing honesty.

"That they who rightly appreciate the foregoing facts are People's Friends, and become the salt of the earth—yea, even the Most Patriotic Patriots!

"That it is fortunate 'all will come right in Heaven,' for it is certain too much goes wrong on earth."

Perhaps our disappointment in 'The Monikins' has been increased by the pleasure we took in its introduction, and the drollery we expected in Captain Noah Poke, whose notion of a monkey—by way of a dish—"not bad food to the taste, but wonderful nervous to the eye," is capital.

We entered upon the second novel on our list without much inclination for the task, and found ourselves, perhaps rather splenetically, marking not a little queer English in the description with which it opens. But we soon forgot the language, or adverted to it only as giving a national raciness and character to a story of adventure, so full of well-sustained interest, that, had we met with it a few years since, we should not have taken rest or pause till we had finished it. 'Horse-Shoe Robinson' is a good, rough, genuine, honest tale of the American war, well worth reading. The hero, of course, is on the popular side, and so is the heroine, Mildred Lindsay, but her father is not (how could he be in a novel?), and stands in the way of his daughter's happiness; though, unlike other fathers of the same pattern, he refrains from persecuting her by locking her up in her chamber with a malediction, or the like. Then, too, we have one Tyrrel, a villainous English officer (the name has quite a run among the rogues and intriguers of fiction), who is no Tyrrel after all, but a Captain St. Jermyn—sweet, innocent, courageous Mary Musgrave, a miller's daughter—and her lover, John Ramsay, too proper a man to be disposed of as the author has disposed of him: we have a peep at Lord Cornwallis, and at Marion's men; and, last of all, and best of all, the hero of the tale, good-humoured, bold, faithful, wary, successful Sergeant Horse-Shoe Robinson, who carries the whole weight of the mystery and bustle of the tale upon his shoulders; and, though we never understand precisely how he is to bear it, he never teases us by appearing to break down, or even totter under it. We became marvellously *un-Anglicised* in following his footsteps, and interesting ourselves in his exploits, and were really sorry (not a very common case) when no obstacle remained to prevent the lovers from enjoying

The sober certainty of waking bliss, and ourselves from coming to the generally welcome word, "Finis."

'Outre-Mer' is of an entirely different class and character to either of the works we have just mentioned, being rather a sketch-book than a novel. The Americans generally make pleasant travellers; before an Englishman sets out to wander among the glaciers and lakes of Switzerland, or to walk in the Coli-

seum by moonlight, he is already half *blasé* with the platitudes talked, written, and published on every square yard of fine scenery, and fragment of antiquity an inch long: our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic set forth with a fresher mind; and the pilgrim, whom we accompany in these volumes, has a further claim upon our trust and good-will, as being, if we mistake not, a poet of no mean order. His way led him through France, Spain, and Italy; and, as he travels along, he makes pleasant digressions into the lands of old English poetry and Spanish romance, which, if not particularly new, are agreeable, and treated in a genial spirit.

Here we must again pause, though we have still before us many volumes of fiction.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

SKETCHES OF THE LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY THE REV. TIMOTHY FLINT.

(Continued from p. 511.)

On attempting to sketch the existing state of American literature, it is impossible, such is our relative position, sometimes to avoid comparative views, however much they make against us. It is, at the same time, extremely difficult for an American, having in his eye the vilifying representations that, with very few exceptions, have been recently given of the literature of his country in England, to repress some of the reactions of indignation, and to discuss this subject in the spirit of a cool and impartial determination to declare the truth. If we have not then as yet, as the English affirm, a literature bearing any thing like the proportion of our numbers, our physical and political advantages, to that of the parent country, to what causes is our inferiority owing?

We have no space to devote to a reply to the aspersions of some foreign writers, however beaten and reiterated, affirming that America exerts a deteriorating influence upon the body and mind of its children. All these charges, chiefly brought by the writers of continental Europe, were the offspring of an ignorance too palpable to require refutation. We are impressed that the English have generally discarded this from the bundle of their prejudices. They have too often confronted the Americans in the lore of competition for gain—too often struggled with them on the mountain wave—too often met them in the tented field—her most gifted politicians have too often sought the mastery over ours in the serpentine and wordy walks of diplomacy, to retain it. The brave never wish to underrate the prowess of their competitors; and it is no uncommon thing to hear Englishmen admit, in its fullest extent, the perfect equality of American organization and temperament, both physical and mental. The English endowment is probably as happy as that of any nation in Europe, uniting, in a good degree, the vivacity and imaginativeness of the southern nations with the vigour and concentration of the northern. If the Anglo-American organization has been modified by our climate and physical circumstances, it has unquestionably been to produce an approximation to the intellectual temperament of the southern nations of Europe. The American is probably more ardent, quicker in movement, more misled by his imagination, more figurative and impassioned in his diction, than the Briton. It is possible he may have lost in concentration and strength of reason what he has gained in imagination and vivacity. But the period in which country and climate have had time to operate in modifying his organization has been too brief, against the counter influence of similar language, diet, institutions, and laws, to produce any such marked difference between the American and the Eng-

lish mind, as to be worth taking into the comparison. America is unquestionably as capable, under the same fortunate circumstances, of producing her Miltons, Lockes, Newtons, Addisons, Flamsteads, Davys, and Byrons, as England. It is impossible to have been long and extensively conversant with our periodicals, without having been struck with occasional scintillations, happy paragraphs, beautiful thoughts, profound reflections, and even, in the Poet's Corner, verses which could only have been elicited from the finest mind by the noblest inspiration. These discoveries, that we too have our "mute, inglorious Miltons"—our master minds capable of soaring *ultra flammantia mœnia mundi*, with endowments to take a place in the highest walks of science and literature—gleam athwart the disgusting and eternal commonplaces of the history of our noisy politics, and our essentially demoralizing and degrading party scrambles for place and office, the frothy superficiality of our periodical matter, and the dizzy hurry to and fro of our millions, who aspire to no rewards but such as are won amidst the sordid dust and sweat of the money-drovers, as the *aurora borealis* cheers a Greenland winter night.

There is something, too, it must be admitted, more spirit-stirring in our institutions than those of any other people, not excepting those of England. Our habits, our predilections, are all purely democratic. Without an aristocracy, without a privileged priesthood, without any prescriptions and *castes* of society—every one who gains distinction rises from the people, and, after all his honours, returns to the people again. Every one is the architect of his own fortunes, or they remain unbuild. The father, the brother, the family connexions, are so intent on their own pursuits, and are obliged to expend upon them so much labour and thought, as to leave them neither interest nor energy to hold out the hand of patronage to their relatives. Each one is obliged to breast the current in his own skill. All fortune and honour being alike exposed in the market of competition, the closest calculator and the keenest scambler reaches the prize. Such an order of things inspires pride, self-reliance, energy, industry. It shakes the spirit, and brings out of it all its latent powers. Unhappily for literature, the physical nature is first and deepest stirred, and asserts the strongest claims. The pursuit of wealth, the ambition for political distinction, absorb the most ardent and aspiring spirits. A few gentler minds select the ministry, and find in its general poverty, and the details of its parochial interests, little incentive to cultivate literature, though most of our writers are found in that class.

Providence, having formed man for the social state, raises up in every country an adjusted proportion of minds fitted to subserve all the needs and claims of that condition. A certain number of *littérateurs* is as much called for, in every well-ordered community, to elevate thought, inspire intellectuality, and lift up the attention from mere physical aims, to aspirations of a moral and internal nature, as the class of operatives. These men of an interior nature, destined to think and write about what others are called to perform—these men, organized to live in a higher and brighter world of abstraction, undervalued and misapprehended by those who prize nothing beyond the visible diurnal sphere—these men, who pass their mortal existence in glorious dreams, in all lands where they are cherished, still mark out a path of enlightenment, and are a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to the wanderers through the sterile deserts of a more physical existence. In all countries they are few, and should be few, for society has no calls for many. They ought everywhere to be cherished, patronized, rewarded. They should be regarded with the reverence due to prophets. The United States undoubtedly produce their

full proportion of this order of men. But when they have reached the period of intellectual development, and feel their call "to go and preach unto the people" burning within them, and look round to survey their field, what scenes do they witness?—the million scrambling for subsistence, riches, distinctions, with an eagerness, an entireness of soul devoted to their pursuits, which leaves them no other estimation for the unoccupied dreamers they leave behind, than that of men whose intellects are touched, and for whom a commission of lunacy might be properly taken out. Where are the American fathers and mothers who would be willing that their sons and daughters should have no other aim in life, than to form themselves to join the profession of writers? Enough will be found to bestow on the distinguished of this corps the words of empty praise, and to pray that the mantle of this inspiration may fall on any children but their own. Literature records, that the titled relatives of Lady Mary Wortley Montague regarded with indignation and horror the idea that she should be degraded by sustaining the reputation of a writer. If Americans do not exactly entertain the same feeling for persons thus doomed, they are regarded with a sort of humiliating pity.

In such a spirit-stirring community, however, the self-complacency incident to human nature is invoked to every conceivable form of display. Every one, from the city to the mountains, being a reader, and having a newspaper daily in his hands, if he have no higher inspiration, mistakes his vanity or envy as a vocation to philosophy and poetry, and, more than all, to legislation and office, and dispatches his essay or his verses to the editor, nine cases in ten as wise and enlightened as himself. Most generally his lueubrations are received, to the edification of the log-roller and cabin tenant. But woe to the editor of truth and more fastidious taste, who rejects them! Men almost universally regard with a more intense jealousy the estimate of their intellectual powers, than even their moral qualities. No country manifests such infinite forth-puttings of the *racocoes scribendi* as ours. Nowhere does authorship inspire more sensitiveness, hate, and furious snarling of the numberless pack of minor critics. Nowhere does the gentle Aurelia, or the fair Matilda, enjoy with diviner raptures the first delights of maternity, than when her *sage-femme* muse has carried her, as well as could be expected, through the parturition of her first copy of verses, and she has seen her bantling safely cradled and dressed in the poet's corner of the sheets of the Gazette. Strange! that with a hundred thousand writers we should not soon accumulate the richest of all literatures.

But amidst these multitudes, in the outset so eager for the palm of literary renown, the greater number, as soon as they experience that the laurels, if obtained, bear no money as fruit; and that, instead of acclaiming plaudits, they are welcomed by the shrill notes of "Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart," in the literary papers, with a music very different from praise; and withal, perhaps, begin to divine, on experiment of the wear and tear of brain their efforts cost them, that they have no certain vocation to be priests of Apollo,—shrink from the struggle. The few who clearly have this vocation, are a race of men proverbially strong, enduring and irrepressible in their love for their calling. But, though consciousness of a higher nature and superior powers may lift them above the efforts of minor criticism, no spirit, no perseverance, can sustain the blight and withering of perceiving that the whole genius and pursuit of the community is adverse to their perseverance, and that it is alike unheeded and unrewarded. Persecution and poverty stimulate and impart buoyancy. But it is not in human nature to sustain the neglect of indifference. Hence, even these writers, as

soon as they become fully aware of their position, shrink into some of the pursuits of office or gain, and merge their true talent in becoming bad men of business. If the history of literature declare any one truth more distinctly than another, it is, that few works have been produced worthy of becoming parcel of the national literature, and of transmission to posterity, that have not been written by professional writers. The heat, dust, and scramble of business, the moral miasm of demagoguery and electioneering, the paltry chronicles of the rise and fall of political partizans, cannot give the requisite aliment for these men, who require the bread of repose and the praise of kindred and discriminating minds. The United States possess not, and in the present order of things cannot sustain, writers by profession. The whole public feeling is adverse to the sustenance of such a class. It calls alike upon ministers of the gospel and professional writers, in the vulgar phrase, "to work and find themselves."

It has been a common apology for our want of a literature, that we are a people too young, too poor, too loudly called to devote all our strength of body and mind to the acquisition of subsistence or wealth, to have one. This would be an excuse, if it were true; but who that travels in the northern and middle Atlantic States, and sees the number and splendour of the steamboats, and of the packets on the canals of three and four hundred miles in length—the numerous rail-roads still stretching forward towards the most distant points—the masses of gaily dressed and expensive travellers spending their summer in pleasure trips three hundred leagues from home,—that surveys, in a word, the opulence and luxury of our numberless country seats—the erections of Boston and New York, and their vicinity—the Girard College and the Girard Square in Philadelphia—the public works, completed or in progress—the sumptuousness of the habits of our cities, and the sums acquired by the European stars of the theatre and opera, that annually visit us,—who, that discovers that our country has too rapidly passed through the stage of expenditure for indispensable to that for every sort of expensive luxury, will find himself longer justified in thus excusing the want of public and private patronage of literature? No: if our taste had a higher and nobler direction; if, in the eternal circle of the changes in the vocabulary of demagoguery, some other term than "economy" should become popular at Washington, when the claims of literature were discussed, there would soon be discovered no want of means to call forth and reward its efforts. The cause of our deficiency in this respect must be sought, not in our want of genius, not in our want of writers, not in our want of wealth, but in our institutions and our want of true taste.

We attach little importance to another circumstance, by which the English explain our alleged want of fine writers and classical literature. America, say they, is destitute of moral interest,—without monuments, without ruins of mouldering castles, and remnants of Gothic abbeys, and massive remains of baronial towers and dungeons,—and can therefore create none of those mighty spells in the voice of time, to evoke the bygone remembrances of feudal splendour, chivalric tournaments, chaunted masses, and the associations of the past with the present and future. It is true, that a century of social existence, as a people, cannot have produced such reminiscences. It is true, our poets cannot sing, our tourists cannot sketch Gothic ruins, or fallen towers and battlements. It is true, we cannot trace our origin to the noble blood of fighting barons, or the nepotism of princes or cardinals. It is true, that our writers must seek their inspiration rather in the grandeur and freshness of nature than in the ruins and reminiscences of art. But instead of them, we have Niagara, which, during the first hour of contemplation, would elicit

poetry from Shylock;—we have our grand and almost interminable rivers;—we have our beautiful White, Green, and Alleghany mountains;—we have our fresh-water seas, rippling in their lonely and magnificent vastness and beauty against their unnamed and unvisited shores;—we have our thousand landscapes in the north, in the west, in the south—so green, so fresh, so lovely, that were there Naiads, they would return to the fountains that irrigate them;—we have prairies of dimensions, that the sun at one extremity is seen rising from an ocean of grass and flowers, down to which the blue of the heavens bends at the opposite limit, and vision is unbounded over this sublime expanse of verdure. In the most beautiful spots of these inspiring plains, are the innumerable mounds, the lonely tombs of these strangely beautiful deserts, the remains of generations and races, upon whose existence tradition and research can throw no light, and impose no limit to the imagination. Even if asked, where are our works of art, we first date their commencement within the last thirty years, and point to the New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania canals, the last being longer, we believe, than any in the world, with the single exception of that of China. We indicate the Philadelphia Exchange, and show the inquirer the Girard College, a structure promising, when completed, to be equally beautiful with the boast of Athens, the Parthenon, and twice the size;—we take him to view the Girard Square in the centre of the city;—we show him railways, and spires, and columns, and towns, and magnificent houses rising in all directions. We lead him towards the great west, on whose mighty rivers he will see four hundred steamboats: in guiding him there, we conduct him more than four hundred miles along the grand and continuous chain of the Pennsylvania canal, pointing, as we pass, at the parallel or lateral rail-roads. We wind with him more than a hundred miles among the beautiful Juniata mountains, amidst scenery that must speak to the heart, if nature has a voice to reach it, and show him, in the midst of these apparently primeval scenes, where it would seem as if we were the first visitants, the regular parallelism of the canal. More than all, we would point out to him thirteen millions of people, better fed, and clothed, and housed, than the same number of people in any other country, all emulous to transcend their neighbours in wealth, comfort, honour, and all that the multitude are desirous to obtain, spreading themselves, in the freedom and enterprise of thoughts as chainless as the winds, over a country of half the magnitude of a continent. Surely, the citizen of such a country, with the unpolished English for his pen, and descended from the same blood with the great minds of the British isle, may find excitement and the movement of his thoughts somewhere between the Atlantic and Fond du Lac, or between the pine forests of Nova Scotia and the cone-skirted shores of the Mississippi, provided only that he have thoughts and a heart, into which external impulses can transmute inspiration.

But we are admonished that it is time to abandon these general and abstract views, and proceed to more detailed and specific existing impediments to the progress of American literature.

[To be continued.]

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE MRS. HEMANS.—No. III.

It now remains for me, having strung together such remembrances and memorials of the woman, as it is my present intention to offer, to add a few words concerning the poetess. And yet, in Mrs. Hemans, these two things were so closely intertwined, that it may appear superfluous, and is almost impossible to treat or think of them separately. There have been few, indeed, at any period of the history of poetry—very few in

these later days, when genius is bought and sold with as much indifference as any other marketable commodity—more thoroughly and intensely devoted to her art, than she was. Even in the common intercourse of daily life, whenever her mind cast off its burdens, and she was in the company of those of whose sympathy she was secure, she *thought* and *spoke* poetry. The most trifling passing occurrence would suggest a new fancy, or provoke a happy expression; that, which in other persons would have been conceit and false enthusiasm, (the most revolting of all things,) was in her the nature in which she “lived, and moved, and had her being.” And this mood had been rather encouraged than repressed, by the circumstances of her life: for until the period when my acquaintance with her commenced, she can hardly be said ever to have faced the world; and then (may the Iricism be forgiven?) she met it by running away from it. So also in the course of her reading, various and extensive as this had been, she only retained—she *would* only retain—that which was delicate and imaginative, and noble and refined. It may be, that she turned away too perseveringly from the homelier and harsher realities of life, and thus failed in obtaining the poet's highest attribute, a universal sympathy; that she confined herself too exclusively to such scenes and thoughts, and images, as struck the *peculiar* chords of her own mind;—and yet, on the other hand, this habit, even if it somewhat narrowed the sphere of her enjoyment, assisted to give her writings that earnestness of tone, and individuality of colouring, which have raised her on high, as the founder of a school of lyric poetry, and will prevent her name from being forgotten with the names of many other pleasant singers of to-day.

Hence, too, it was, that the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, beautifully finished and perfect in its music as it always appeared, was produced with surprising ease; some of her lyrics, indeed, are little more than improvisations, and, if I recollect right, that ‘Song of a Greek Islander,’

Where the sea?—I languish here,
was literally *spoken* as it now appears in print. She was a thorough mistress of all the mechanism of her art, (in this her fine feeling for music helped her,) and managed all the graceful measures in which her verse is usually cast, with the utmost ease and dexterity. I have sometimes thought her poetry almost too richly-coloured to be set to music;—not only the thoughts and the words, but the melody also is there ready found; this, however, may be but a fancy; and most of her songs, with her sister's music, obtained decided and immediate popularity.—it will not be forgotten, that ‘The Captive Knight’ was an especial favourite with Sir Walter Scott. As I am mentioning her songs, I cannot resist the pleasure of giving one specimen, which is less known (the music has been worthily supplied by Mr. J. Z. Hermann,) than it deserves to be.

Far away! my soul is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore;
In the woods I see my brothers play;
Midst the flowers my sister sings once more,
Far away!

Far away! my dreams are far away,
When at midnight stars and shadows reign;
“Gentle child!” my mother seems to say,
“Follow me, where home shall smile again,”
Far away!

Far away! my hope is far away,
Where Love's voice young Gladness may restore;
O thou dove! now soaring through the day,
Send me wings, to reach that brighter shore,
Far away!

Her taste for music, like every gift Mrs. Hemans possessed, was eminently characteristic of the peculiar bent of her mind—of her earnest love and reverence for the *spiritual*, as opposed, and superior to the *sensual*, whether in art or literature. She enjoyed it in proportion as it was suggestive: sometimes even, out of the abundance of her own heart, she found in it a mean-

ing which it hardly intrinsically possessed: for instance, Rossini's bright, bounding, joyous ‘Di piacer,’ suggested that fine lyric, ‘Triumphant music.’

Wherefore and whither bear'st thou up my spirit,
On eagle-wings through every plume that thrill?
It hath no crown of victory to inherit,
Be still—triumphant harmony—be still!

With this prevailing tendency of mind, it will be readily understood, how and why Mrs. Hemans preferred the music of thought and feeling of Germany, to the more passionate and impulsive music of Italy. In the first of the two following letters will be found something of her own opinions on the question; the second, too, as treating of song-writing, may be appropriately given in this place.

“I hope the ghost stories made your hair stand on end satisfactorily, and that the wind moaned in the true supernatural tone, while you were reading, and that the lamp or taper (it ought to have been enshrined in a scull,) threw the proper blue flickering light over the page, and gave every mysterious word a more unearthly character. I have been making research for a good Welsh ghost to introduce to your acquaintance, but have not met with one whom I consider sufficiently terrific. I suppose you know ‘Hibbert's Theory of Apparitions;’ it is a most provoking book, because the perverse author will *not* leave one in quiet possession of one's faith, and insists upon bringing those hateful engines, commonly called the ‘reasoning powers,’ into play against all the fabrics of imagination; there are, however, many interesting stories in it, and, by judicious management, one may contrive to escape the moral. You were right, and I was wrong—a great deal for a lady to admit—is it not?—about the Count Oginski; his ‘Song of the Swan’ was a polonaise, and not a waltz as I had imagined. And it is, indeed, most beautiful; music with which one could fancy his spirit after death might have haunted her, ‘the queenly, but too gentle for a queen.’ My sister applauds to the skies your preference of Rossini to all others; for my part I think, that those who have felt and suffered much, will seek for a deeper tone in music, than they can find in him: something more spiritual and more profound, such as the soul which breathes through the strains of Mozart or Beethoven: but I speak from feeling alone, and, I doubt not, most unscientifically.”

“I should have sent you the January No. of *Blackwood* long since, but by some mischance it never reached me. Poor Ebony has, as I lately heard in a letter from Cyril Thornton, been dangerously ill, which, I suppose, is the reason of this irregularity in his proceedings. * * I shall be delighted to hear the Irish air you mention; I am very fond of Irish music: there breathes through it (or perhaps I imagine all this,) a mingling of exultation and despondence, ‘like funeral strains with revelry;’ a *something* unconquerable, yet mournful, which interests me deeply. But I really have nothing, and never shall, I believe, have anything written in the *pastorale* measure your air seems to require: I must refer you to Shenstone:

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep,
would be very lulling and—ish, I think: but if it is a deep tone of pathos you want, I suppose nothing less will satisfy you than,

I have found out a gift for my fair.
And I should imagine a great deal of Irish energy, a *fortissimo* expression, might be bestowed upon the *barbarous deed* with which the verse concludes. My sister has sent me a lovely little song, to some very simple words of mine; I think it is more full of feeling than anything she has ever composed.

“I am quite surprised at your liking the ‘Storm-painter’ so much, as an expression of strong and perturbed feeling. I could not satisfy

myself with it in the least; it seemed all done in *pale water-colours*.”

To return to Mrs. Hemans's poetry: though every line she wrote may truly be called spontaneous—the furthest possible from anything like *head work*—there are, of course, some of her compositions (these chiefly lyrical) more than others, in which she *put her whole heart*: in particular, those wherein any aspiration after immortality is expressed, or the weary pining of home-sickness, or in which she speaks with passionate self-distrust of her own art. Perhaps there never was given to the world a more thoroughly genuine outburst of feeling, than is to be found in her ‘Mozart's Requiem,’ the composition of which so much excited her, (it was written during a period of ill-health,) as sensibly to retard her recovery. I may instance, in particular, the three following stanzas:—

Yet I have known it long,
Too restless and too strong,
Within this clay hath been th' o'er-mastering flame;
Swift thoughts that came and went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken, as a reed, this thrilling frame.
Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul;
I strive with yearnings vain,
The spirit to detain—
Of the deep harmonies which past me roll.
Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams,
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast;
Something far more divine,
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me rest.

As another of those poems, in which her deepest and most abiding feelings were unconsciously uttered, I must mention her ‘Breathings of Spring,’ in which Byron's beautiful yet bitter thought—
I turned from all she brought, to all she could not bring.
is more fully and softly wrought out, as she turns from the “fairly-peopled world of flowers,” and “the bright waters,” and “the joyous leaves,”

Whose tremblings gladden every copse and glade,
and asks,—
But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring!
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs;
Thou, that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and scenes break forth where'er thou art,
What wak'st thou in the heart!
Too much! O there too much!—we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus—but, roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings from the soul's deep cell
Gush for the faces we no more shall see!
How are we haunted in the wind's low tone
By voices that are gone!

In addition to the above, I might cite passages from that passionate and noble adjuration—‘To a departed Spirit,’

From the bright stars, and from the viewless air;
I might give the whole of ‘A Spirit's Return,’ (the principal poem of her ‘Songs of the Affections,’) which had its origin in a fireside conversation with those to whom the foregoing letters are addressed; I might speak of the picturesque and heroic spirit of many of her martial lyrics, which breathes out (deepened by the devotedness of woman's nature) in that glorious character of *Ximena*, in her ‘Siege of Valencia,’—the same which made her love to wear, as an ornament, a Cross of the Legion of Honour, taken (I think) on one of the Peninsular battle-fields,—did I not fear to become tedious to others, fascinating as this part of my task is to myself. I must, however, relate one anecdote, illustrative of the intensity of feeling Mrs. Hemans threw into her poetry. She had undertaken and made considerable progress in a legend, (the idea was, I believe, taken from some German tale or poem,) in which, to secure the love and constancy of a mortal suitor, a beautiful enchantress is represented as resigning one spell of power after another—last of all, her immortality; and is repaid by satiety—ingratitude—desertion. So strongly and painfully was Mrs. Hemans ex-

cited by the progress of the story, that her health and spirits began severely to suffer, and the tale was, therefore, abandoned.

I have selected a few from many opinions and passing criticisms which her letters contain, to give the reader an idea of the genial and honest-hearted love with which Mrs. Hemans regarded her favourite authors. The circumstance of their being chiefly foreign, may be accounted for, by saying that she rather talked than wrote of our native writers; nor is this the proper time to give to the public some of the commendations and censures I have found.

"I cannot return the notice of Richter, which has interested me exceedingly, without thanking you for your kindness. I am delighted to find that you so much enjoy those stirring songs of 'My Cid,' which, I think, more completely carry us back to the very heart of the proud olden time—the days of the Lance, than any other poetry I know; I have never met with any one who thoroughly appreciated them before; I beg you will keep them, or any other of my books, as long as they can be of the least use, and do assure you, that when any of my friends enjoy what has been a source of enjoyment to myself, I feel all the pleasure of a child who has found a companion to play with his flowers.

"Poor Grillparzer, and Klingemann, and Müllner! The crying philosopher himself, in his most lachrymose of moods, must have laughed, could he have read that review. As for Klingemann and Müllner and their Fate-tragedies, I can see them 'hung in chains' without the slightest suffering. Nothing, to be sure, can be more absurd than the 'Twenty-fourth of February,' and all its progeny. Only imagine, if our Post-woman were to be turned into a Fate-heroine!—if the Destinies were irresistibly to impel her, on a certain day every month, to open our important despatches, and read all the letters and steal the books! But I cannot give up Grillparzer, who seems to me to breathe as different an atmosphere from theirs, as the circle of a star (though but of the fourth or fifth magnitude) from that of a gas-lamp.

"I have lived very little in that 'world of bright fancies' of which you speak, since I had lost the pleasure of seeing you; I have been administering draughts, and superintending embrocations, and I know not what, until I flatter myself that my talents for nursing have received the very highest cultivation. Now, however, I am very much enjoying myself in the society of certain 'Luft und Feuergeister,' 'Wasser und Wald-geister,' and 'Feen und Feldgeister,' introduced to me by the worthy Herr Dobeneck, in a book of 'Deutschen Volksglauben.' These 'Geister' of his, are, to be sure, a little wild and capricious in their modes of proceeding, but even this is a relief after the macadamized mortality with which one has to pass all the days of one's life. I will beg leave to keep the *Foreign Review* until next week, when, if the Destinies leave the Post-woman untempted, you will see it return safely."

"Will you tell me, I regretted, after you and he had left me the other evening, that instead of Werner's 'Luther,' which I do not think will interest him much, I had not lent him one of my greatest favourites—Grillparzer's 'Sappho.' I, therefore, send it for him now. It is, in my opinion, full of beauty, which I am sure he will appreciate, and of truth developing itself clearly and sorrowfully (like almost all truth, I believe,) through the colouring mists of imagination."

"I owe you many thanks for so kindly introducing me to all those noble thoughts of Richter's. I think that vision in the church magnificent, both in purpose and conception, and it is scarcely possible to stop for the contemplation of occasional extravagancies, when borne along so rapidly and triumphantly, as by 'a mighty, rush-

ing wind.' Some of the detached thoughts, too, are exquisite. What a deep echo gives answer within the mind to the exclamation of the 'immortal old man' at the sound of music! 'Away, away!—thou speakest of things which throughout my endless life I have found not, and shall not find!' All who have felt music, must, I think, at times have felt this, making its sweetness too piercing to be sustained. Now let me introduce you to a dear friend of mine, Tieck's Sternbald, in whose 'Wanderungen,' which I now send, if you know them not already, I cannot but hope that you will take almost as much delight as I have done amidst my own free hills and streams, where this favourite book has again and again been my companion.

"I have very great pleasure in thinking that you are now reduced to skaiting, as the old song saith, 'on dry ground.' After such an escape as yours, how well must you understand the feeling expressed in that line, which speaks of 'curdling a long life into one hour!'—nay, into one moment—a lightning moment, such as I should imagine must leave its tracks upon the mind indelibly graven. And I too feel as if I had been within the shadow of Death since I saw you,—not that I believed myself to be in any danger, but I suppose it is impossible to be much alone during illness, without thinking often of all that is hidden from us by the veil of life. How very surprising is the intense life of the mind in some kinds of illness! I could not help often wondering if any of the thousand thoughts which swept like April lights and shadows over my spirit, would accompany me into the world that is unseen. Did you ever observe how strangely sounds and images of waters, rushing torrents, and troubled ocean waves, are mingled with the visionary distresses of dreams and delirium? To me there is no more perfect emblem of peace, than that expressed by the Scriptural phrase—'There shall be no more sea.' My fever is now gone, but it has left me with a weight of languor, and an unutterable 'Heimweh,' which I feel as if I could not shake off. *Au reste*, I am in a most penitential condition, obliged to wear a shawl and a cap, and to hear good advice, and put on a convinced countenance; all the while thinking grievously of Gipsies and Indians, and all free creatures that live under the blue sky. I beg you will be pleased to pity me as much as possible, and not to marvel at the dullness of this epistle, from a person who is in little better than a Chrysalis state of existence."

"Dear —, I send the first volume of the 'Republiques Italiennes' for you and —, and also the book with the 'dernier chant de Corinne,' that you may compare it with the poem in the *New Monthly*: you will see that all the beauty and loftiness of the thoughts belong to Madame de Staël. That book, in particular towards its close, has a power over me which is quite indescribable; some passages seem to give me back my own thoughts and feelings—my whole inner being—with a mirror more true than ever friend could hold up."

"I ought to have acknowledged your kind notes are now, and thanked you for the copy of Moore's lines,† which certainly are more witty than elegant: perhaps the very coarseness from which one cannot help rather shrinking, renders the satire more appropriate to its object. Do you remember that the other evening we were speaking of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and I thought they resembled those shadowy images of flowers, which the Alchemists of old believed they had the power of raising from the ashes of the plant? I send you a few lines which that conversation suggested, and which, in consequence, will perhaps interest you."‡

† Those caustic verses upon Leigh Hunt's 'Personal Reminiscences of Lord Byron.'

‡ This was the poem—

'Twas a dream of olden days.

I cannot, however, be content without recording, though less eloquently than the above extracts, the pleasure she showed in not a few English writers; without calling to mind how she enjoyed the beauties of our own rare old dramatists, as well as the plays of Goethe and Schiller and Oehlenschläger—how she was carried out of herself by St. Leon, and Valerius, and the immortal works of the Author of *Waverley*. In her taste, she was singularly intolerant of spurious sentiment, and the false magnificence of the *property* school of romancers. Her memory was exact and faithful—I remember her repeating nearly the whole of those last beautiful lines of Lord Byron's to his sister, first published in Moore's *Life*, after having only heard them read twice in manuscript. If one of her friends lent her a book which she *adopted*, it was sure to return graced and garnished with a thousand parallel passages and quotations, which had occurred to her in the course of reading. Many of her own books were thus most richly commented upon; in particular, I recollect a copy of Auldjo's *Ascent of Mont Blanc*, which (and, by good fortune the margins of the leaves were wide,) was absolutely crowded with illustrations, quoted and original. Her Wordsworth, too, (I almost think the favourite of all her modern books of poetry,) bore many traces of "where the fairy foot had been." Above all, she had a genuine womanly sympathy for those of her own sex, whom she esteemed as authors, and not manufacturers of prose or rhyme; and among those in whom she took a warm interest, I may be permitted the pleasure of mentioning Miss Mitford, Miss Bailie, Mary Howitt, Miss Jewsbury, Miss Bowles. Her pleasure in the success of 'Rienzi' was gladdening to see, especially when her own dramatic failure is remembered; nor am I wrong in stating, that the counsel and assistance she was ever ready to give in literary matters, have eminently contributed to, if not caused the production of, more than one charming and successful work of genius. I cannot but give two fragments which I find addressed to one of her friends: as a specimen of the soundness and elevation of her views on these subjects.

"Dear —, I really should give you a lecture, if I did not know, from intimate conviction, how very useless a thing *wisdom* is in this world. But I wish you could keep down that feverish excitement, as it is so hurtful even to the intellectual powers, that I am convinced we have not more than half command, even of our *imaginative* faculties, whilst under its influence. I want you to fix your heart and mind steadily on some point of excellence, and to go on pursuing it *soberly*, as Lady Grace says, and satisfying yourself with the deep internal consciousness, that you are making way. I know that this *may* be, because it was my own course, with feelings as excitable as you know mine are, and amidst all things that could most try and distract them."

"I scarcely know whether or not to congratulate you, on having at last so gallantly launched yourself upon the tumultuous, yet dazzling sea, which has so long been the arena of your hopes. I only fear that you may sometimes want some one like your old friend, to be near you, to 'babble of green fields and primroses,' and win you back occasionally to childhood and nature, and all fresh and simple thoughts, from those gorgeous images of many-coloured artificial life, by which you may be surrounded, and which may possibly at first, seize upon your spirit with irresistible sway. But I am convinced, that nothing really *worthy* and permanent in literature, is ever built up except on the basis of simplicity, and I am sure that the widest reach of knowledge will always have the blessed tendency to make us more and more 'as little children' in this respect."

But I must draw to a close; my task, though

a labour of love, has not been without its sad-denying thoughts, when I have looked over these memorials of a long and pleasant intercourse; when I have thought of the further progress which her mind had made in the path to excellence (and yet more towards inward peace and calmness,) after she left us:—and that now all is ended! There is comfort, however, in the reflection, that as she did not live unappreciated, so neither has she passed away brightly and serenely into eternal rest—unlamented. I can only wish, that the task of offering the first tribute of sincere regret at her tomb had fallen into worthier hands than mine.

H. F. C.

SCIENCE OF EDUCATION.

ON Tuesday last, as announced in this paper, Dr. Bryce, of Belfast, delivered his Introductory Lecture, at Willis's Rooms, on the Science of Education—a subject, it must be admitted, of great importance, and yet so little understood, that it has long been the profitable field of the most barefaced empiricism. We, therefore, who “are to the manner born,” have an instinctive prejudice against all such lecturers; but Dr. Bryce is a scholar and a gentleman, whose motives are disinterested beyond all question. These circumstances give him a fair claim on public attention, and have induced us to report somewhat more at length than usual his introductory lecture, which, we are happy to say, was well attended, and by many persons, not only of high rank, but of eminence in literature and science.

He began by stating, that the object of his course was, not education in general, but the *science of education*,—i. e. those general principles, derived from the known laws of the human mind, upon which good methods of tuition in all departments must depend. After showing, partly by arguments of his own, and partly by a splendid passage from Beattie, that the object of education should be rather to teach us *how* to think, than *what* to think,—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load our memories with the thoughts of other men, he pointed out the advantages derived from reducing education to a science, of which the chief are:—1st, That by establishing fixed general principles, the evidence of which shall be so strong, as to amount to scientific demonstration, and, therefore, to command the assent of every candid mind, we get rid of that vexatious contrariety of methods, which all parents feel so tormenting when it is necessary to change the teachers of their children;—2ndly, That there will be more uniformity and consistency in the methods of the same teacher. He (Dr. B.) had known persons who were most excellent teachers, generally speaking, but acted very injudiciously in particular cases. The reason was, that these persons knew nothing of general principles; they had been led to their good methods by an instinctive good sense, but had they been acquainted with the reasons of these, the same principles would have led them to better practice in the cases in which they went astray. 3rdly, The lecturer showed, that by reducing education to the form of a science, it will be much easier for a skilful teacher to impart the secret of his art to another. He then gave a very brief sketch of the History of Education, and its gradual progress towards a scientific character, from the time of Plato till the appearance of Miss Edgeworth's *Practical Education*. He passed a very warm eulogium on this work and its author, but observed, that in her preface she disclaimed anything like an attempt to exhibit a complete science of education, and only professed to treat of some isolated parts of the subject, leaving the finishing of the structure to posterity. Mrs. E. Hamilton had followed Miss Edgeworth, and had sketched an outline of the

entire science, but the filling up was meagre. His (Dr. B.'s) object was to enlarge Mrs. H.'s plan, and to attempt filling up all the parts of it with that full and clear scientific development, which Miss E. had given to the topics she had handled. He did not profess to be able to do this, but this was what he would like to accomplish, and would try.

He would now, without further introduction, enter on the business of the course, by illustrating three principles of the Human Mind, which are of great value in Education, the principle of *Assimilation*, the principle of *Association*, and the principle of *Curiosity*. There is in every human being a tendency to conform to the feelings, opinions, modes of expression, tones of voice, and even the very features, of those with whom he associates. This is the principle of assimilation. Waiving all discussion about its nature, and whether it might be regarded as only a result of association, he would take it as a fact, and show the use to be made of it in education.

1st. This principle, strong in all minds, is peculiarly powerful in those of the young. Papa's opinions are implicitly adopted; Mama's code of morality comes in place of the Decalogue and the New Testament; the phraseology of Nurse becomes the standard of language; and the manners of servants and playfellows are copied faithfully, to the no small annoyance of all parties concerned, when the children are introduced to strangers. Hence, the extreme danger of cultivating this principle much. If we accustom children to do even what is right, and to think even what is true, from assimilation merely, they will be exposed to the risk of learning to be guided altogether by the example of others; and, therefore, should they be thrown into different society, will be more ready to adopt the opinions of those who are in error, and the practice of those who sin. It is necessary to cultivate the understanding, and not rest on assimilation alone.

2nd. If children imagine that we express to them something different from our real sentiments, they will of course assimilate, not to the sentiment they believe to be affected, but to that which they believe to be real; and they will cling to it with more pertinacity on account of its being concealed. Hence the necessity of sincerity in dealing with children.

Association is a principle in virtue of which different ideas have the power of recalling one another to the mind—ideas are associated by *contiguity* and *resemblance*. You have met a person in a company at Paris; you forget him, and the greater part of the occurrences of the evening; years after, you meet him in London, and his presence recalls most vividly all the circumstances of your first meeting. This is an instance of ideas being associated from *contiguity in place*. There is, also, a *contiguity in time*; for example, a person who had been present at a very solemn religious service, on the day on which he afterwards found that the battle of Waterloo was fought, had these two events so associated in his mind that for many years he seldom thought of the one without thinking of the other. In like manner, the idea of an absent friend is recalled by the sight of a person who resembles him; and, if the friend be not merely absent, but dead, the fountains of our grief are opened anew. This is the association of *resemblance*.

The fact regarding association, which is most important in managing children, is, that when two ideas are associated together, either by contiguity or resemblance, if one of them be pleasurable or painful, it imparts its character to the other. A child received an unmerited blow, in passion, from his writing-master, during his first lesson in penmanship; the consequence was, that, though he is now in middle life, and a sensible, highly-educated man, he never can sit

down to write a letter without a feeling of pain and reluctance.

The principle of *Curiosity* is a mental appetite for knowledge, implanted by the Creator to secure development of our minds, just as the appetites of hunger and thirst are given us, to secure the growth and sustenance of our bodies. Dr. B. maintained, that all children have an ardent desire for knowledge of every kind, until it be impaired or extinguished by injudicious treatment. And the unwillingness to learn, of which children are so universally accused, he accounted for by showing that, in the prevailing course of education, *six causes* are at work, which have a tendency to crush the principle of curiosity.

1st. That which we teach children most sedulously is not knowledge at all. There are two kinds of knowledge, 1st, the receiving of new ideas; 2ndly, the learning of words whereby to express ideas that we already possess. Both these kinds of knowledge are delightful to a child; but to learn words without ideas, is not knowledge; and, therefore, children dislike it. Now, by far the greater part of the lessons which we give to children are composed of words which convey no ideas to them; and, when they refuse to learn these lessons, they give the strongest possible proof of their desire for real knowledge, by their repugnance to that which is its counterfeit. The few instances in which children have been found willing to read and learn what they do not understand, are caused, sometimes by their self-complacency or vanity, and sometimes by their desire to imitate grown people, as we see a baby that can scarcely speak, holding a book before it, and pouring out a stream of inarticulate sounds, in imitation of reading.

2nd. We often disgust children with a study of which they would otherwise be fond, by calling them away to it while they are busy with something else, about which their curiosity is not yet satisfied. If a child is examining a flower, or a print of an elephant, and we rudely break off his investigations for the sake of his Latin lesson, he will hate the latter, in virtue of the law of association before laid down.

3rd. The same effect is produced by continuing attention after curiosity is satiated for the time. Confine the child's mind to the flower or the elephant, after he has found out all he wants to know at present, and you will probably disgust him for ever with botany or zoology. The two last-mentioned circumstances prove the strength of the principle of curiosity, as their injurious effect arises from their counteracting and mortifying the inherent love of knowledge.

4th. Children are often disgusted with study by continuing their attention to fatigue, even when there is not satiety; and

5th. By accidental and arbitrary painful associations, such as passion, or harshness and sternness in a teacher, gloomy and cheerless school-rooms, unnecessary or badly administered punishment. The punishment is intended to be associated with the guilt of idleness, but often takes effect against the study itself; the child speaks of being punished for his lesson, not for neglecting it.

6th. We often give children reason to suspect that, whatever we may tell them, we ourselves, in the bottom of our hearts, believe lessons to be bad and painful. We bribe them by rewards, or force them, by the fear of punishment, to learn lessons; and they, naturally enough, infer that we should do neither, if we regarded knowledge as in itself pleasant. In virtue of the law of assimilation formerly laid down, the child adopts this opinion the more eagerly for its supposed concealment. “Mama promises me a cake, or threatens to whip me, to make me learn my lesson, therefore she must know that there is something disagreeable in it; I don't see any such thing, but mama knows best.” The child does

not use these words; but a train of reasoning to this effect passes through his mind. There may be cases in which reward and punishment should be used as stimulus to study, but it is wrong to make either a constant motive; it were much better to cultivate carefully the principle of curiosity, which may be nurtured into one of the most powerful desires of the human heart.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

If the English be not a gay people, they work hard enough to acquire the reputation, and we question whether any European city offers so much variety, such a succession of amusements, as this London of ours during "the season." That charmed time is now waning; but, as yet, neither slackness nor stagnation is obvious: what with these new open-air concerts in the Regent's Park—operas three nights a week—a benefit concert or two every morning—besides private music and gaiety, of which we are not required to speak, we think that there is sufficient pastime provided for the idle, and we know that there is hard work for the busy, like ourselves. And yet not a few, as though enough were not going on in the metropolis, have been down to squeeze and be squeezed at Cambridge at the recent Installation; Grisi, Caradori, Stockhausen, Rubini, Sapiro, and Machin, have been singing there with great effect; the new Installation Ode has been written by Mr. Wordsworth, set by Mr. Walmisley, and performed under the conduct of Sir George Smart: verses have been recited, speeches spoken, and ladies and gentlemen "carried out of the crowd in a fainting state." Can any reasonable person doubt that the English work hard for their pleasure? We take advantage of Miss Chambers's Morning Concert, which took place yesterday week, to confirm our opinion of Miss Kemble; she ought to become more than a good—a great singer. We were also pleased with what we heard of Signora Rosina di Angioli, who sang "Scendi nel piccol legno," with Rubini, in good style.

On Wednesday, M. Sudre, whose new system of telegraphic communication, or Telephony (as he calls it), we mentioned some weeks ago, gave a public exhibition at the Opera Concert-room, in which he offered demonstration of his power to represent the alphabet; and, therefore, any combination of words by the seven musical sounds played on a musical instrument, or spoken in the language of the gamut. He can also, by a more complicated process, effect the same thing by only three sounds; but, granting the ingenuity of this invention, as we freely do, and, of course, its applicability to any language, or form of words, we see not how it can be made available for any general purpose. Between the parts of his lecture, M. Sudre gave us a little pleasant music—Signors Ivanoff and Balfe sung a pretty duetto di camera, "La moda," by Gabussi—Lablache and his son (a miniature of himself in voice, style, and person), Cimarosa's incomparable "Se finto"—Moecheles extemporised on the piano with wonderful brilliancy—and Messrs. Ghys and Servais played a grand duet for violin and violoncello, which, in their particular style (and we fancied it somewhat sobered on Wednesday, and, therefore, more to our liking) could hardly be exceeded. The latter ought to be a first-rate performer. Ere we have done with music, we may mention the subject of Meyerbeer's new opera, "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew!" We hope that the *convulsionnaire* taste, driven out of fictions, is not going to take refuge with the musical drama. At this rate it would not surprise us to hear of the great plagues of Marseilles and London being cut up into *cavatinas*, and thundered out in *finales*.

A few mornings since we paid a visit to a model of the Holy Land, exhibiting at the Somerset Gallery, Strand. We rely almost neces-

sarily on such occasions upon the good faith and diligence of the artist, and are told, that Eastern travellers have expressed themselves satisfied with his work. The *Cosmorama* in Regent Street, where we also spent half-an-hour, is much better, we think, than it was last year; three of the views, "Baden-Baden," with a dioramic effect of passing sunshine—"The Burning of the Houses," with the rising and falling of the flames, shown by a similar style of contrivance—and the "Interior of the Pantheon," at Paris, are all very good; the other subjects are pleasing and varied, though hardly so effectively executed.

We have heard a pleasant whisper, that Mary Howitt is engaged upon a prose work—fresh, natural, and full of talent, we are sure it will be.—Mrs. Jameson, too, is said to be preparing a continuation of her delightful "Sketches of German Art."

We had nearly forgotten to announce the publication of the second number of Cochrane's *Foreign Quarterly Review*. It is a decidedly good number, full of information, and pleasantly varied in subject. The able examination of the "System of National Education in France," we strongly recommend to the reader's attention.

We are glad to hear that the present government has bestowed a handsome pecuniary reward on Mrs. Janet Taylor, for her abridged method of clearing the Lunar Distance, by which the process is reduced to an operation of less than five minutes duration.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

General Meeting, July 4.—The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston in the chair. The reading of a paper by George Earl, Esq. was commenced. It contained a narrative of a voyage made by him, in the year 1834, from Singapore to the western coast of Borneo, in the schooner *Stamford*; and which was undertaken with a view of opening a trade with the Chinese colonies on that island, who are in possession of rich gold and diamond mines. The Dutch have two small settlements on the coast. The principal sea-port town of the Chinese settlers, is Sinkawan; and it was with this place that Mr. Earl wished to open a direct trade in gold dust. His own cargo consisted of opium, tea, and piece goods; and he was provided with two interpreters, who understood the Malay and Tartar dialects. Mr. Earl left Singapore on the 1st March. Arriving at Sinkawan, he repaired to the Court House, where the Chinese magistrates resided; but these authorities declined to give Mr. Earl permission to trade, fearful of offending the Dutch, who are masters at sea, and who have prohibited all trading, except at their own ports. Mr. Earl then proceeded to one of these ports, called Sambas, situate in lat. 1° 25' N., on a small river, about fourteen miles inland. This place was a complete "pirate's nest," till the Dutch came into possession of the fort. The houses are of wood, and but little better than huts; most of them are built on floats, moored to large posts in the river. The town is inhabited by Chinese and Malays, but the former are the most numerous. The latter are governed by a kind of rajah; but he can do nothing without the Dutch resident's permission. His (the rajah's) principal revenue is derived from a monopoly in the sale of opium, which is smoked here to the greatest excess, both by the Malays and Chinese. The Dutch monopolize the salt. Monkeys are exceedingly numerous in these parts; and the orang utan is very common. Rice is the chief food of the people; and this they procure from Java in exchange for gold dust. The aboriginal inhabitants are a savage race called *Dyaks*; many tribes of which, still retain their old customs. One of these is, that before a young man can marry, he must present his favourite with the head of a man, cut off with his own hand!

Mr. Earl states, that he has remarked a similar way of keeping down population among the natives of New Holland, who on the death of a male belonging to one tribe, make a practice of killing another belonging to an adjacent tribe; and this, they say, keeps up a mutual balance of power.

After a short stay at Sambas, Mr. Earl, having obtained permission from the Dutch resident to dispose of his cargo at Sinkawan, returned thither, where he arrived on the 18th of April. Here he found a letter for him from the Governor of Montrado, the capital of the Chinese colony, situate about thirty-five miles from Sambas. In this letter the Governor invited Mr. Earl to meet him at Montrado, to make arrangements for carrying on the trade; which invitation Mr. Earl joyfully accepted, in the hopes of being able to visit the gold mines.

The conclusion of the paper will be read at the next meeting, on the 18th.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—July 6. —P. F. Robinson, V.P. in the chair. Several letters were read, among which was one from Leo Von Klenze, architect to the King of Bavaria, from which the following is an extract:

"I feel happy to have it in my power, in the opening of my correspondence with your Institute, to transmit to you news of the highest interest. It is, perhaps, already known to you, that, called to Greece last summer for the purpose of laying down a new general plan, according to which the city of Athens is being rebuilt at this time, I thought it my duty to profit by the favourable position in which I was placed, to project and propose the excavation and restoration of the monuments of the Acropolis, and to cause them to be commenced in my own presence. These works have been continued with activity since my departure, and have produced the most successful results. In the first place, the very active demolition of the Venetian and Turkish walls and fortifications, will henceforth render military defence almost impossible at this point, and guarantee in consequence these fine ruins from progressive and total destruction. As soon as they commenced the demolition of the grand battery in front of the Propyleum, they discovered many fragments of a small Ionic edifice; and two days after His Majesty King Otho had attained his majority, and was seated on the throne, they had cleared the sub-basement of this building, which, there can be no doubt, is the Temple of Victory without wings. The situation in which it is, and the number of fragments which have already been found, prove that the entire restoration of this monument may be effected, and the Acropolis may from this time be considered to possess another monument, to which nothing essential is wanting but the two bas-reliefs, which are preserved in your museum. I shall not fail, Gentlemen, to inform you of the results of this undertaking, to which I feel proud to have attached my name. For fifteen centuries everything has been done to hasten the destruction of these monuments, and I am the first who has turned his attention and efforts to preserve and restore them."

The chairman read a paper upon the recent discoveries of a new crypt, under York Minster, and Mr. Donaldson, Hon. Secretary, completed his paper of queries.

Paper from Indian Corn.—"Sir,—A paragraph in your Journal, of 20th of June, speaks of the making of paper from the stalks of Indian corn, by some French experimentalist. Perhaps you are not aware that the same thing was done, some time since, by a paper-maker, under the direction of the late Mr. Cobbett. I cannot, at present, lay my hands on a specimen of the coarser kind of paper, but it will be sufficient to mention that the title-page and table of contents to the first edition of the work which he published under the title of 'A Treatise on Cobbett's Corn,' is printed on paper made from the husks and stalks of that plant.

"I am, Sir, your constant reader,
"J. K. N. D."

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

On Thursday, LA SONNAMBULA; and LA SYLPHIDE.

Society of British Musicians.

Under the immediate Patronage of HIS MAJESTY.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria.

The Subscribers to the Concerts of this Society are respectfully informed that the Tickets for the ensuing Season are ready for delivery, and may be obtained on application to Mr. J. Eraut, Treasurer, 23, Berners-street.—The Concerts will take place on the following Evenings at HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS:—

November 2, 1835. January 4, 1836.
December 14, — February 6, —
Subscription to the Six Concerts One Guinea and a Half.
G. J. BAKER, Secretary.

Mr. ELIA'S SOIREE OF ITALIAN, GERMAN, and FRENCH DRAMATIC MUSIC, will take place at his Private Residence, 74, NEWMAN-STREET, on MONDAY EVENING next, the 13th. Most of the eminent Foreign and English Vocalists now in Town have promised their assistance. De Beriot will play his admired Adagio and Rondo in a minor, for the last time but one, previous to his departure for the Continent—Puzzi, a Solo on the Horn—Messrs. Schulz, W. Bent, and four others, a new MS. Sextet, by J. Elia. A Band, comprising the elite of the Opera Orchestra, will accompany the Vocal Music, as adapted for Chamber Performance, by J. Elia.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be procured at Lindale's and Chappell's Music Shops; and of Mr. Elia.

KING'S THEATRE.—Since our last report, the benefit performances have produced the only novelties brought forward. 'Norma' was played for Curioni's benefit, and, on the whole, went off but heavily. 'Marino Faliero' has been repeated once or twice, but without much success; but 'I Puritani' appears to have taken the town by storm, and the house is nightly crowded with an audience eager to *encore* the Polacca, and the stirring 'Suoni la tromba.' Perrot, on occasion of his benefit, treated us with 'Mazila,' a new *divertissement*, in which Tagliani and her companions are discovered 'camping out,' (as the Americans have it), in a beautiful woodland valley, with the Amazonian motto, 'Haine aux hommes,' suspended from a rock, by way of warning. Perrot, however, not only ventures into this forbidden retreat, but awakens its queen by the audacity of a salute; and the end of the fable is, that, after a little fighting and dancing, peace is restored, the obnoxious *sign-board* taken down by common consent, and the ballet concludes with an universal embrace. So much for a pretty piece of nonsense. On Thursday week, Tagliani took her benefit—we will not accept of it as a farewell—for she was dancing more exquisitely than ever. In addition to the 'Chasse des Nymphes,' she introduced the 'Tyrolienne' between the acts of the opera; and in 'La Prova' danced a minuet with Lablache, in old French costume, and music as quaint as her hoop and powdered head. It will be long before we forget her high-bred grace in this dance; and her large partner did his duty so well (having the discretion not to attempt the Gavotte), that we were disappointed of the expected laugh. Not being just now in a poetical humour, we must draw upon Barry Cornwall for our leave-taking of this enchantress, and say or sing with him,

Come again! come again!

On Tuesday 'La Gazza Ladra' was given; and on Thursday, a variety of performances, but nothing new, for the benefit of Rubini.

THEATRICALS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

On Monday, LA SONNAMBULA (*Amina*, Mad. Malibran); and DER FREISCHUTZ.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Monday, DER FREISCHUTZ; with A FATHER'S CRIME; and THE BOTTLE IMP.
Tuesday, A FAVORITE OPERA; with A FATHER'S CRIME; and THE SPIRIT OF THE BELL.
Wednesday, A FAVORITE OPERA; with A FATHER'S CRIME; and THE BOTTLE IMP.
Thursday, A FAVORITE OPERA; with A FATHER'S CRIME; and THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

DRURY LANE.

The breathless anxiety of the nation for some more of Madame Malibran's performances, has been relieved; and some of the previously disappointed thousands are beginning to perk up their heads, flap their wings, crow, and say, "we have heard her."—The lady has been re-engaged for six nights, and the news of it was

brought by a courier, who rode in a very few hours on the same horse all the way from Naples, to the very middle of the Drury Lane play-bills. If anybody should be foolish enough to question the truth of this, we understand that the courier is prepared to remove all doubt, by the production of a pot of real Naples soap which he brought with him. Joking apart, many persons will be delighted to find, that this accomplished singer and actress may be heard for a few evenings longer, and those who have not yet witnessed her performances, will do well to repair the error. The company have moved over from Covent garden, and now sleep at Drury Lane; of course to keep the house well aired.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This theatre, or rather the managers and the visitors of it, have had during the present week, to lament the absence of Mr. Farren, who was taken ill last Saturday, during the performances of the evening. We are happy to learn, that Mr. Farren is so much better, that his not playing for a few nights is more a matter of proper caution than of absolute necessity.

He will on Monday resume his duties, when Mr. Buckstone's new piece called 'The Scholar' will be repeated. It is amusingly done, and has been well received; but it is by no means one of Mr. Buckstone's best adaptations, neither is Mr. Farren's one of his best performances. An author, who makes a French play the groundwork of an English one, is, in our opinion, bound to produce a better piece than the original. He starts, as it were, from the point where the other left off; and if he does not improve, he does nothing. We remember giving, and justly giving, to Mr. Farren the preference over M. Perlet, for his performance of the *Curé* in 'Secret Service.' In the present instance, the return of the compliment is due to M. Perlet. After all, it is no great affront to either of these excellent artists to say, that he is, in this or that instance, second to the other.

SURREY THEATRE.

Madame Vestris's engagement commenced here on Tuesday last, and is to continue at four nights a week for three weeks. She played on Tuesday and Wednesday, 'The Loan of a Lover,' and 'The Deep Deep Sea,' and on Thursday and Friday, 'The Beulah Spa,' and the above-mentioned burlesque. The houses have been crowded to such an excess, that the good people of Surrey have been nearly *suffolk*-ated; and therefore, we suppose, that Mr. Davidge's speculation, heavy as it is, will answer. Madame Vestris was received with tumultuous applause—attended to as well as the crowded state of the house would permit, and "trotted out" at the end. What could mortal actor or actress desire more?

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

We have omitted to notice the production of a burlesque, called 'Cupid in London,' which is causing nightly laughter at this house; and we have but a small corner to mention, that a new serious drama, called 'The Guard House,' was produced on Monday, and that, *seriously speaking*, it was very well received.

MISCELLANEA

King Otho.—This young sovereign, it appears, bestows much encouragement and protection on all those endeavours which tend to preserve the ancient monuments of Greece. M. Kleuze, appointed by him, has asked for and obtained guards for all those which are important, and the labours of this gentleman have been first directed towards the Parthenon and Propylea, which he is trying to free from the surrounding edifices, but the progress is necessarily slow where there is no machinery to assist.

Greece.—Several learned men, among whom are MM. Savigny and Von Hammer, have undertaken new travels in Greece, for the sake of historical and geographical discoveries. They are first to visit Eubœa, and those parts of Asia Minor which may be accessible to them, especially the shores of the Propontis.

Champollion.—The first number of the MSS. left by Champollion, the younger, has been published, under the superintendence of a committee. Sylvestre de Sacy, Letronne, Champollion-Figeac, Ch. Lenormand, Comte de Clarac, Biot, and Hergot, who form this committee, are names which vouch for the correct execution of the work.

Geology.—M. Fournet has just published a geological work, entitled, '*Etudes sur les dépôts métallifères.*' He considers veins to have been generally produced by local dislocations, more or less violent, and then filled with metallic or other matter, either by sublimation or dissolution. He lays much stress on the successive modifications which mineral substances undergo in veins, modifications which have transformed the primitive matter even into a different species. M. Fournet throws great light on this obscure part of geology, and shows how important are these mineral decompositions and recompositions, and the immense influence they possess by their incessant action and reaction, and their infinite division into veins, rocks, and strata.

List of New Books.—Tomlin's Law Dictionary, 4th edit. 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 4s.—Autobiography of Cowper, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Newton's Cardiphonia, 24mo. 3s. 6d.—Taylor's Practical Hints, designed to aid the Humble Christian, 18mo. 1s.—Memoirs of Simon Episcopus, by F. Calder, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Robert's British Wine Maker, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s.—Memoirs of Sir T. S. Raffles, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Mephistopheles in England, or the Confession of a Prime Minister, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Travers's Further Remarks on Constitutional Irritation, 8vo. 14s.—Oke's Examinations on Surgery, Vol. II. 8vo. 6s.—Strictures on Napier's History of the Peninsular War, 2nd edit. 8vo. 16s. 6d.—The Rev. E. W. Clark's Sermons, 8vo. 7s.—A Digest of the Law of Evidence in Criminal Cases, by Henry Roscoe, Esq. 12mo. 21s.—Very Little Tales for Very Little Children, 3s.—Character of Lord Bacon, his Life and Works, by Thomas Martin, 12mo. 6s.—Knight's Unique Fancy Ornaments, 4to. 21s.—An Historical Sketch of the Art of Sculpture in Wood, by R. F. Williams, 8vo. 5s.—Archbishop Usher's Answer to a Jesuit, with other tracts on Popery, 8vo. 13s. 6d.—Gurney's Brief Remarks on the Doctrine and Discipline of Friends, 12mo. 2s.—The Village School Girls, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Madd's British Naturalist, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 1s. 12s.—Byrne's Practical Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Robinson's Theological Dictionary, 3rd edit. 8vo. 28s.—A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption and Scrofula, by James Clarke, M.D. 8vo. 12s.—Standard French Works, Vol. II. (Delamartine's) Voyage, Vol. III. & IV. 18mo. 6s.—Woman, as she is, and as she should be, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Young Queen a tale, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—The Philosophy of Morals, by A. Smith, M.A., 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Lectures on National Religious Establishments, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Sidney Smith's Chancery Practice, Vol. II. 8vo. 16s.—Maugham's Collection of Prescriptions, 2nd edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received an explanatory note from the Editor of the *Asiatic Journal*, respecting the letter from Swan River, referred to last week. That letter, he observes, "was cut out from a Calcutta paper, which contained no acknowledgment of its being a borrowed article. In transferring it to the *Asiatic Journal*, it has certainly happened that through haste or inadvertence the name of the paper from which it was taken was not printed at the end, as is customary. But the whole of this portion of the work being avowedly a compilation from the Eastern papers, there is no room for concealment of obligation. I am not, under the circumstances of the case, in a condition to complain of the notice, though I may be excused for saying that it might have been expressed in terms less calculated to mislead readers into a belief that the *Asiatic Journal* is in the habit of pirating from the *Athenæum*." Though this note is marked "private," we desire to give the writer the benefit of publicity; and we assure him, that it was precisely because the *Asiatic Journal* is not in the habit of pirating from the *Athenæum*, or so far as we know, from any other journal, and because it has and deserves a high character, that we were sufficiently annoyed by what certainly appeared to be a very disingenuous proceeding, to direct public attention to the circumstance.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

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